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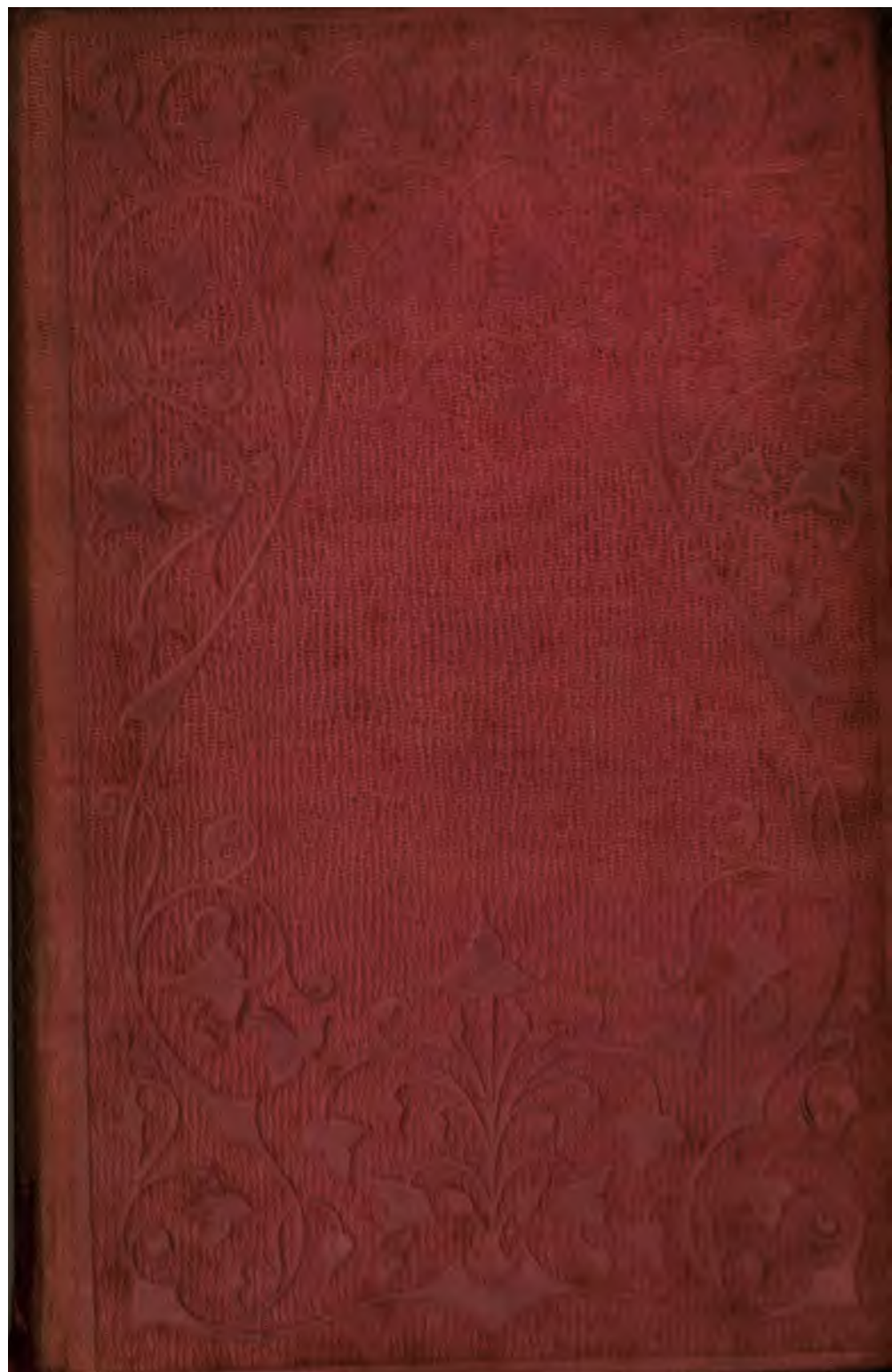
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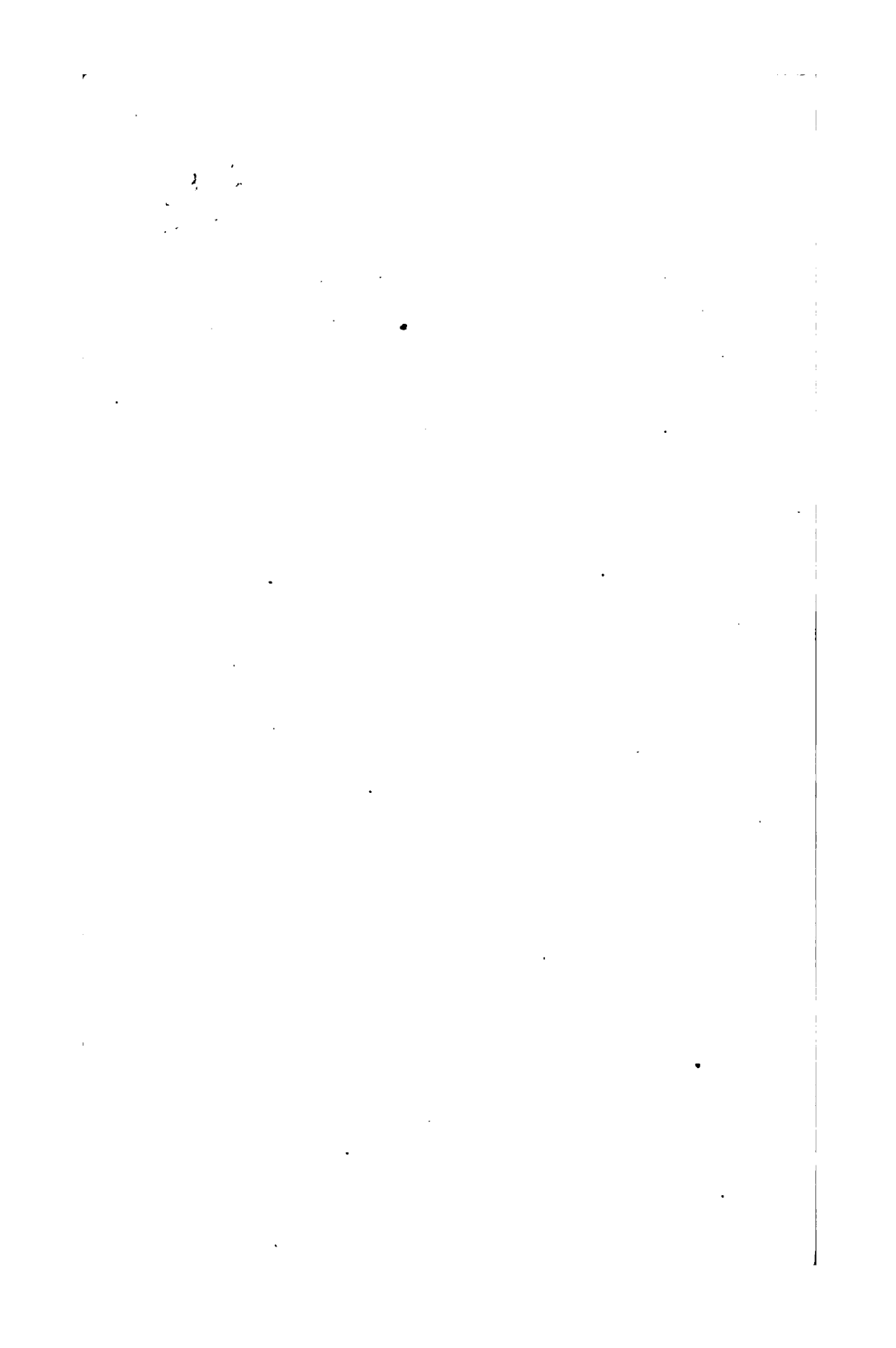




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YASUMI HANOUH.

Charles J. Sleet. Publisher, 10, King William Street, 1855

CITY OF THE CRESCENT;

PICTURES OF HAREM LIFE.

THE TURKS IN 1851.

BY  
GORDON O. L. GORDON TRENER, ESQ.  
AUTHOR OF "THE MORNING LAND,"

&c. &c.

"Mid many things most new to ear and eye  
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,  
And gazed around on Moslem luxury."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

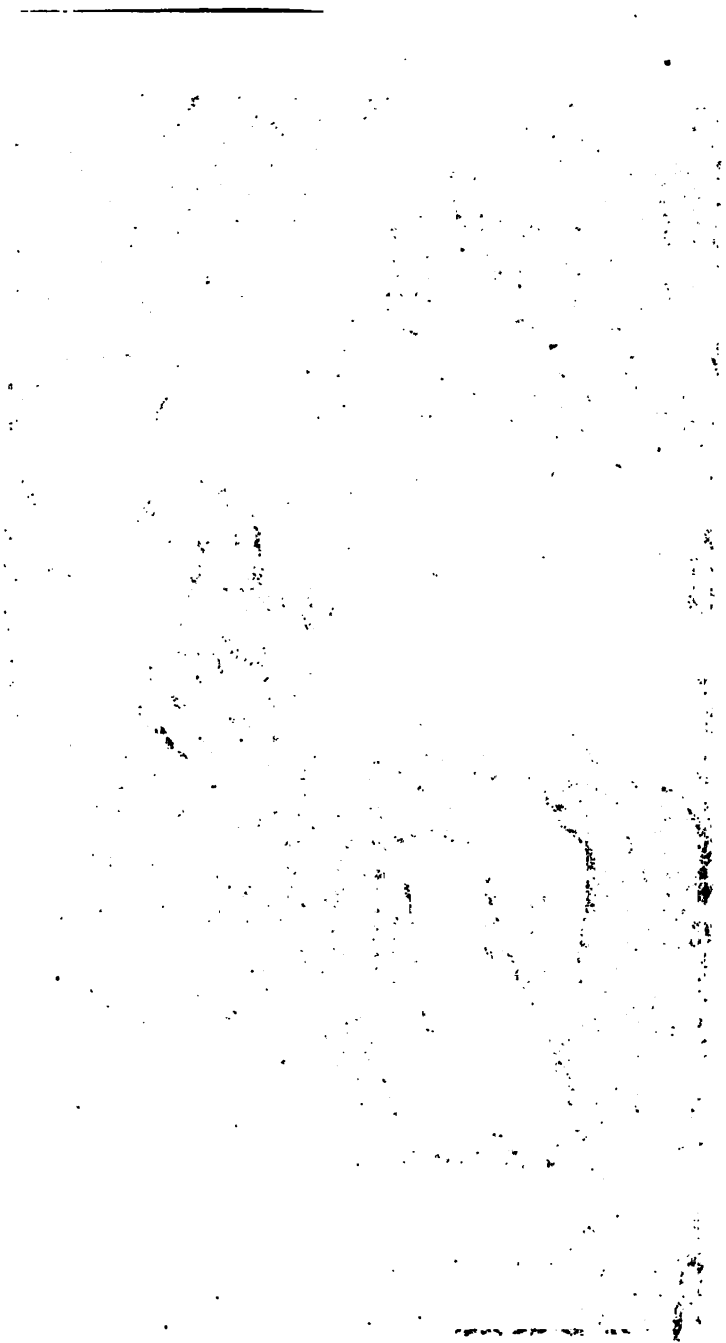
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1855.

(The Author reserves his right of Translation this Work.)

203. c. 14.





THE  
CITY OF THE CRESCENT;

WITH  
PICTURES OF HAREM LIFE,

OR,  
THE TURKS IN 1854.

BY  
GORDON O. L. GORDON TRENER, ESQ.  
AUTHOR OF "THE MORNING LAND,"  
&c. &c.

"Mid many things most new to ear and eye  
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IN TWO VOLUMES.  
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## P R E F A C E.

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MORE than once I have been to the East ; yet, until very lately, I never supposed that I should print a book about it. Persons have been kind to you ; the whole powers of pocket, will, and establishment have been put in requisition, that you might enjoy in full your visit to their land. Like the world, having got all you wanted, you return home, and repay their goodness in right worldly coin. A book is written and printed, setting forth their persons, their houses, their furniture, and what they said and did to you. This always appeared to me

a painful breach of the morality, if not of the laws, of hospitality—even if, after the fashion of certain writers, it did not descend to a downright vulgar impertinence. I really could not bear to think of doing it.

But my objections were set aside by a literary friend. He thought I had seen much that might prove acceptable, if published at the present time; and some things that were really information.

In describing Osmanli manners, the Life of the Harem necessarily forms the most important feature. There is no feeling, either of unity of character, or home, where woman is not. The Harem, and not the Salem-liuk, the Osmanli calls his oda—rest. It is to the Harem, and not to the Salem-liuk, that we must look for the poetry, and the reality, that make his character.

To exhibit, then, the Life of the Harem more fully than that of the Salem-liuk—to picture the Osmanli woman as she is—to

vindicate her from the stain, so often and so recklessly flung upon her ; that she is indelicate—to blend entertainment with information ;—these have been my chief objects, in publishing “ The City of the Crescent.” The composition has generally been taken—often without the least alteration ; the original manuscript, indeed, was put into the hands of the printer—from descriptions made for my personal amusement whilst in Turkey, and for that of my immediate relatives when I returned home.

A great objection to writing works on the East is—the want of spirituality in the character of the men who live there. One gets conscious, at last, that even one’s own mind suffers through having thought upon them so long. However, all through my book I have—as an author should—sunk my personal feeling ; and wrote in the spirit necessary to properly describe the persons who are the subject of my history.

My hope is that, having written, those

Osmanlis concerned in my narrative, will feel that I have used every care to avoid causing them even the semblance of pain. I own that I am exceeding anxious. They will also think that, I could not speak otherwise than I have, and yet fulfil my single desire : enlarge that interest which my countrymen feel in the fate of Turkey.

May I request a little of that allowance which the author who deserves it, can invoke from but few in vain—because of the very wretched health amidst which I have written? It was severe illness that sent me abroad ; and I should be glad if the book were looked on as one of the solaces of an invalid's many sad and silent hours, which else would have been seasons of unmitigated weariness and suffering.

PRINCES GATE, HYDE PARK,  
JUNE, 1855.

# CONTENTS

to

## THE FIRST VOLUME.



### CHAPTER I.

Journey to Berlin—The Diligence described—Miserable mode of Travelling—The Author's Tour with his Friends up the Rhine—Pen-and-ink Portrait of the individuals composing the Party—A Mother's love—"My Sister"—Mrs. E— and her Husband—An ill-assorted Marriage . . . . . 1—7

### CHAPTER II.

Berlin a beautiful city—Ungential to English Tourists—A Railway-glance at the Country between Berlin and Cologne — Brunswick — Ham — Scene of Hurry and Confusion—View from the Bridge of Boats—City Sounds—The Metropolis of Rhenish Prussia—Its origin—The Cathedral—German Politeness—The Seven Mountains . . . . . 8—16



## CHAPTER III.

The Rhine from the Drachenfels to Elberfeld—Ruins of Rolandswerth—Beautiful Island of Nonnenwerth—Coblentz and its scenery—Ruins of Sternberg and Liebenstein—St. Goar—Castle of Guttenfels—Bacharach—The Rheingau, or Valley of the Rhine—Asylum for the Insane . . . . . 17—21

## CHAPTER IV.

A Touching Story—Adeline Von Friedrichstein—The Young Lady's Father—His Affection for his Children—Consults the Priests—Their Advice to him—Sends his only remaining Daughter to a Monastery as an Offering to Heaven—Convent-horrors—The Abbess—Sister Louise—The young Nun's Cell—Spell of the Romish Church—Ceremony of taking the Veil—Beautiful Dress of "The Bride of Heaven"—The Chapel—Adeline's doom sealed for ever . . . . . 22—38

## CHAPTER V.

Train from Maintz to Basle—Anecdote of Holbein—The beautiful Rhine—Falls at Schaffhausen—Zurich—Approach to Italy—The Rigi Kulm hotel—Seeing the Sun rise—Conversation with a Sailor relative to the War in the Crimea . . . . . 39—43

## CHAPTER VI.

Lake of Lucerne—William Tell's Chapel—The Author's early Home and its Associations—Colony of Interlachen

—Lutschinnen—Valley of Lauterbrunnen—Staubbach  
 —Magnificent Mountain View—The Simplon—Convent  
 of St. Bernard—Valleys of Fintana and Duomo d'Os-  
 sola—Lago Maggiore—Steamer to Sesto Calende—An  
 Italian Landscape—Rome—The City of Miracles—St.  
 Peter's—Streets and Buildings—Officers of Customs—  
 Naples—Steamer to the City of the Crescent. 44—59

## CHAPTER VII.

The Author and his Sister at Scutari—View of the Impe-  
 rial Serai and Seven Towers—Legend of the Maiden's  
 Tower—Meeting with our fair friend, Mrs. T—  
 Descent from the Steamer—The Sultan's magnificent  
 Caique—Portrait of Mrs. T—Her Husband, an  
 English Officer—Handsome Barracks—Motley appear-  
 ance of the Osmanli Troops—Their Character as  
 Warriors—Their Endurance and Fortitude—The  
 Pasha—Deference of Turkish Soldiers to their Supe-  
 riors . . . . . 60—73

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid—Astonishment of the Turks on  
 beholding us Franks—Osmanli children—Feast of  
 Cucumbers—Party of Ladies—Heyminé Hanoum, a  
 young Circassian Beauty—Female Loveliness—Altered  
 State of Life and Manners in Turkey—The Sultan—  
 His Look of Melancholy—The Alliance with England—  
 Domestic Habits of Abd-ul-Medjid—Beauties of the  
 Bosphorus—The glorious East—Landscape at Sunset—  
 The Custom House—Narrow Streets—Dogs a prevailing  
 Nuisance—The Sweet Waters . . . . . 73—89

## CHAPTER IX.

The Author writes to Mustapha Effendi—Cordial Invitation to visit him—His Gallant Sentiments—His Palace on the Banks of the Bosphorus—Its charming Situation and countless Beauties—The Morning-room described—The Gorgeous Saloon—Yasumi Hanoum, Mustapha's young Wife—Her kindly Greeting to her Visitors—Beautiful View—Personal Appearance of Yasumi—A Circassian and a Georgian Beauty—Woman and her Master—An Osmanli Wife—The Blighted Heart—Love of Children—Happy State of Childhood—Affection of Mustapha for Yasumi . . . . . 90—105

## CHAPTER X.

Splendid Reception-room in the Salem-liek—Mustapha welcomes his Visitors—His gallantry to the Author's Sister—He invites her to Smoke—An Osmanli Dinner—Addition to the Party—Man and his Mistress—Turkish Politeness—The Dining-room—Attendant Slaves—Number of Courses—Return to the Saloon—Saïfula Bey—Evening Offering—The Muezzin—Hour of Prayer—Music and Song—Harem Dances—Eastern Beauty—A Lady's Dress—Modesty of the Circassian *dancseuses*—Conversation with Mustapha—Woman has no Right to Think—Man the Lord of all things—Doom of Turkey—Vindication of the English—Amusements—Bed-time—Oriental Luxury . . . . . 106—128

## CHAPTER XI.

A Midnight Visit to St. Sophia—Courtesy of —  
 Bey—The Author's Friend, Mrs. E—, determines to  
 accompany him—She assumes male attire for this  
 purpose—A Kahvé, or Coffee-House described—An  
 Eastern Barber—Inebriating quality of Coffee—Abd-ul,  
 the One-Eyed—Perfect Disguise—Osmanli Curiosity—  
 An Ideal beauty . . . . . 129—141

## CHAPTER XII.

Osmanli Costume—Tchibouk, or Pipe, and Cloak-  
 Bearers—Notes of the Muezzin—The Invocation to  
 Prayer—Entrance to the Mosque of St. Sophia—  
 Begging Saints—Splendour of the Interior—The  
 Sacred Doves—Muslem Salutations—The Return  
 Home . . . . . 142—151

## CHAPTER XIII.

The Author's House at Geurk-Sou—Visit from Yasuni—  
 An Osmanli Lady's Sympathies—The English Character  
 —Condition of Women in Turkey—The Feraji and the  
 Yashmak—Selfish Creed of the Muslem—The Con-  
 scription—Mode of Recruiting the Army—A Harrow-  
 ing Picture—Female Sympathy for the Oppressed—  
 Trust in Providence—The Steamer and its Freight of  
 Broken Hearts . . . . . 152—167

## CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to Azmi Pasha—The British Troops—Truth *versus* Peace—The Palace of Azmi Pasha—Love of the Osmanlis for the Bosphorus—The Beauty of their Gardens—The Hanging Body—Love of the Osmanlis for the English—The principal Saloon—Ceremonious Reception—A Thought on Slavery—Osmanli Courtesy. . . . . 168—183

## CHAPTER XV.

The Georgian Slave—Mournful Tale—Common and necessary Result of selling Women, a broken Heart—The Divan—Elegance of the Saloon—Sitting Posture of the Osmanli Ladies—Warning to any silly Coxcomb who may happen to Travel in Turkey—Osmanli Affection and Simplicity—A Secret Dialogue . 184—191

## CHAPTER XVI.

A Greek Plot—Entrance of the Conspirator—His manifest Dishonesty—Devotion of a Servant—Fortunate Deception—Greek Stupidity and Insolence—Fate of the Conspirators . . . . . 192—198

## CHAPTER XVII.

Invitation from Mustapha Effendi to see the Ceremony of the Baba-liuk—The "Tree of Groans"—The Et Meydan—The Column of Constantine—The Obelisk—

## CONTENTS.

xiii

The Delphic Tripod—Superstitious Reverence—Description of the Baba-link—Compunction—Revolting Ceremony—A miserable Prophecy—An English Dinner . . . . . 199—208.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Osmanli Character—Prejudices of Englishmen—First Impressions—Real and Ideal—Poetry of Women—Want in Eastern women—Osmanli Simplicity—Their kindness to Animals—Stamboul an orderly City—Defects in the Osmanli Character—Contemptuous Opinion of woman—Lying—Revenge—Law to which Visitors to Osmanli Gentlemen must subscribe—Unaffected kindness of the Osmanli Gentleman and his Wife to their Visitors—Their earnest desire for their Comfort—No Restraint felt in their House—Osmanli Humility—An Osmanli's opinion of Englishmen . . . 209—223

## CHAPTER XIX.

Harem Life—Morality in Turkey—Scarcity of Women—Purchasing a Wife—Marriage recommended—The Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid—Female Frailty—Intrigues—The Language of Flowers—Unenviable Position—Lady in search of a Lover—Feminine Devotion—Osmanli Women vindicated—Domestic Manners of the Harem—Travellers' Tales—The Master of the Harem 224—243

## CHAPTER XX.

Suleiman Effendi and his Two Young Wives, Gulbeyaz and Cobah—Hassan, the Wife's Lover—Secret Interview—The First of the Three Rings—Change of

|                                                                                                                                                                                               |         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Air—Keeping up Appearances—The Young Bride—<br>A Father's Advice to his Son—Distrust of Women<br>—Suleiman's Philosophy—The Jealous Husband—<br>Love Telegraph—A Muslem's Foresight . . . . . | 244—259 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|

## CHAPTER XXI.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Merriment in the Harem—Cobah disconcerted—Apos-<br>trophe to her Lover, Hassan—Presence of Mind of<br>her slave, Nourreddin—Kahvé of Yezid, the Limping—<br>Conversation between Hassan and Suleiman—Mystery<br>of the Watch—Singular Coincidence—The First Gift—<br>The Wings of Love . . . . . | 260—272 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|

## CHAPTER XXII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |         |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| The Locked-up Ladies—How to draw Nails—Arrival of<br>Hassan—Woman's Artifice—Wrath of a Jealous<br>Husband—Daughters of Sheitan—The Watch, where<br>is the Watch?—Influence of "the Evil Eye"—A Storm<br>in the Harem—Feminine Duplicity—Suleiman recon-<br>ciled to Cobah—Open Sesamé! . . . . . | 273—283 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|

## CHAPTER XXIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |         |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| The Second of the Three Rings—Suleiman and Hassan—<br>The latter relates his love Adventure—Indignation of<br>the former—Secrets of the Harem—The Husband's<br>Letter—Hassan refuses to part with it—The Pro-<br>phet's Beard—Suleiman determines on Revenge<br>—A New Surprise—Explanation—Matrimonial Re-<br>joicing . . . . . | 284—294 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The Last of the Three Rings—A Husband's Delusion—  
Loves of Cobah and Hassan—A Rencontre in the  
Road—Purchasing a Houri—Picture of a Turkish  
House—Alarm of Suleiman—Gorgeous Apartment—  
The — and his Jewels—A Cold Reception—Prepara-  
tions for Cobah's Flight with Hassan. . 295—303





THE  
CITY OF THE CRESCENT.

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CHAPTER I.

Journey to Berlin—The Diligence described—Miserable mode of Travelling—The Author's Tour with his Friends up the Rhine—Pen-and-ink Portrait of the individuals composing the Party—A Mother's love—"My Sister"—Mrs. E— and her Husband—An ill-assorted Marriage.

It is not long since, that a journey to Berlin was a serious affair. Before undertaking it, it was very rational that a man should make his will: the whole way thither, being beset by perils innumerable. The journey, moreover, was not to be a rapidly-performed one. If we left London on Monday morning, we were fortunate, indeed, if we arrived in

through Europe to Stamboul. Our circle was composed of myself, my mother, my sister, also a young lady, Mrs. E—, and her husband, Heinrich.

It is my wish to render our journey as agreeable as possible to the reader ; therefore, I shall picture some of the incidents of our pilgrimage, chiefly by means of conversations that took place among ourselves and persons whom we met by the way. This may be a new mode of a traveller's story-telling ; but, it is the best. Nothing gives such interest to a narration as depicting what people say and do.

But we should have a pen-and-ink portrait of the individuals composing the pilgrim-circle. First, there was my mother. The deep affection that her children feel for her is the best testimony to her excellence, and the only one that her unsleeping watch of love over us from our birth requires. Whatever of affection, whatever of moral responsibility, we feel we owe it, under God, to the

purity, the holiness, the meek devotion of our dear kind mother; who for years has been the chief barrier between us and utter unbelief in the highest, the most unselfish affection upon earth.

And how does the memory of such a mother follow us, like a hope and guiding star through all the sorrows and changes of our life!

My sister, a very calm, thoughtful, pretty—there is no partiality here—young person, of one-and-twenty. Heinrich, a German, and what is usually called a fine-looking man. Certainly, his figure was good, as far as height and proportion went: but his movements wanted ease, and consequently grace. His manner was what his inferiors called overbearing, and his equals tiresome. He did not travel because he liked the changes of scene and association that it calls up; for he was entirely without a touch of that keen susceptibility which constitutes the poetical and the picturesque. If he had a passion

in life, at all, it was love for himself—his person, his own comfort, his adornments, his everything that was his ; and for plenty of money. The latter he loved for its own sake, and the pleasures he could purchase with it. He liked eating and drinking ; in short, Heinrich was an entirely selfish man.

His wife, was a high-souled young Englishwoman ; who, from her childhood, we had known and loved ; and who, as she herself truthfully declared, had “ been so unfortunately silly as to marry him.” Start not ; it will not matter if he sees it. They have lately separated, under circumstances that rendered a divorce not only proper, but absolutely necessary. She was a gay, affectionate, bright-spirited young creature, and one of the most unselfish of human beings. For her companionship, we were always thankful ; more than ever on such a pilgrimage as now. In her husband, there was not a single chord that responded to her own highly-toned imagination. Proud and am-

bitious, she had married him because he had great wealth and a title ; and as such marriages generally do, it turned out a failure. Too clever herself, to be satisfied with obtusity, or even mediocrity, Mrs. E—, spite of her wit and gaiety, was one of the unhappiest of mortals. Indeed, her brilliant and often impetuous conversation, was but the outpouring of a heart that mocked itself with its fancies ; and in this way strove to divert its thoughts from looking on the inward world.

## CHAPTER II.

Berlin a beautiful city—Ungenia to English Tourists—A Railway-glance at the Country between Berlin and Cologne — Brunswick — Ham — Scene of Hurry and Confusion—View from the Bridge of Boats—City Sounds—The Metropolis of Rhenish Prussia—Its origin—The Cathedral—German Politeness—The Seven Mountains.

BERLIN is, without exaggeration, one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. Yet, of all the German capitals, it is the most ungenial to English tourists in general. The more so, if the traveller has committed the very excusable mistake of going by sea to Hamburg, and thence across the Lunenburg Heath, through Salzwedel and Brandenburg,

to Berlin. The prejudice which the dreary wastes, and the shifting sands of the Lunenburg Heath, will make on his mind, will scarcely be eradicated till he reaches the beautiful scenery of the Rhine, or the Maine ; or follows the meanderings of the pretty Elbe as far as Dresden, the capital of Saxony.

Berlin is the most German of all the German capitals ; Dresden or Vienna, Englishmen usually like much better. Great alterations have been made there lately, especially within the last few years. Still, Englishmen will not find enough of home comforts to make them thoroughly enjoy it. In France, they provide excellently for our countrymen, by kindly imitating our tastes and habits, as well as they can. The Germans have rather persisted in their own way ; and at Berlin, they have done so more obstinately than anywhere else.

From Berlin to Cologne, by railway, is a ride of more than average beauty. Scenes of pastoral loveliness meet the eye wherever you look. Calm, vine-covered hills, bright



green woods, and villa-gardens, glowing in the beauty and variety of their flowers, you glide softly past.

Brandenburg and Magdeburg are left behind. And then we hear "Braunschweig!" —Brunswick—filling the mind with thoughts of home, some sad, but many pleasing; and of the royal lady who so nobly sways the sceptre there, in our well-beloved England —Earth's most glorious land. We have hardly thought of all this, ere we hear "Hanover!" then "Ham!" where Napoleon III. was confined. Here we stop, and a guard, in a nasal sing-song tone, calls out: "Passagers pour le Rhin, Düsseldorf, et Cologne, changer de convoi ici!"

As we intend to go to Cologne, we of course, get out; but the vociferous invocations and imprecations of travellers, in every language, utterly confound our efforts to gain an idea of what carriage we are to get into again. A porter misunderstands us, and points to the train we have just left; a

guard understands us, and points to a train that we look for, but cannot see. Hoping we may find it, we rush across the lines of rails ; an engine hissing along at twenty miles an hour advances towards us on one side, a train of carriages backing into the station on the other, whilst one porter cries out to us in a voice resonant of German black beer and sauer-kraut : " Halten !" and some one else bawls, " Gare la machine à vapeur !" so that we are utterly bewildered, and rush on, we know not how nor whither, till at last we find ourselves locked up in a carriage, awe-struck with wonder how we got there, and whether we are in the right one.

We have not recovered breath, when we hear wheels rattling by us, as though the world were coming to an end, a horn blowing, a guard shouting, an engine whistling, steam hissing, and the same instant, a dapper little Frenchman pops his head in through the window of our carriage, inquiring with a polite bow :

"Passagers pour Anvers et Bruxelles, ici ?"

"Anvers? certainly not! We are for Cologne!"

"Ah! ma foi! pour Cöln?" He drags us from the carriage, declaring that we shall be too late, hurries us, like an avalanche, across the platform, shouting all the while, first an encouraging word to ourselves, then an imploration to the guard of the departing train; and, the next moment, we find ourselves hustled on to the yielding cushions of another carriage.

"All wohl! Weg!" cries the guard, as he fastens us in. The train begins to move, and away we whiz towards Cöln.

It is rather usual for travellers to speak highly in the praises of Cologne. Let this pass. For my own part, I care little about it, except the view across the bridge of boats, from the left bank of the Rhine. Thence you see the city to its very greatest advantage.

The beautiful river flows softly on ; bright, clear, shadowless, tranquil as the waveless summer lake. Boats, with snowy sails, glide swiftly over its glassy tide ; their pretty outlines reflected in its bosom. The prospect fills the mind with thoughts ; some softly melancholy, but most pleasing and exalting.

From the distant city arises a murmur of voices—voices descriptive of all the emotions of the human soul : from the hoarse bawling of the passionate sailor, to the laughter, fraught with love and music, of the young and happy child. Murmurs of all these are faintly wafted to where you sit ; all blent into that dim, indistinct harmony, when there is just sufficient sound to arrest the ear, without disturbing the under-current of reflection, that runs flowing through the soul.

Beautiful is the river ; I cannot say as much for Cologne. As the Colonia Agrippina of the Romans, it possesses classical and historical interest ; but the

metropolis of Rhenish Prussia is a dirty, ill-conditioned city, abounding in sights and odours repulsive to an Englishman. Coleridge says, he enumerated seventy distinct offensive smells here. The city rose from the camp of Marcus Agrippa ; and through him was named the Colonia Agrippina.

The Church of St. Martin occupies the site of the Roman Capitol. To that convent fled, for a vain refuge, the unfortunate but ambitious Marie de Medicis. At the foot of the church, Sylvanus, Emperor of Rome, met his death.

We pass by the St. Gereön, the tower of the Baienshurm, to Der Dom—the Cathedral. The crane sticking out of the top was removed by the inhabitants, when the work was finished. But that night there came on a terrible storm ; and thinking they had committed something very wicked, next day the crane was solemnly re-erected on the tower. There it has stood for four hundred years.

At Cologne, we embark in the 'Schiller,' upon the wide and winding Rhine. The Germans are models of politeness. The pier is crowded by persons who have come down to bid their friends farewell. Having bowed to each as he stands on board, again and again—with hat in hand—at each obeisance, as the rules of politeness hold that it is good and worthy to do—which, combined with their indefatigable courtesy, caused the Turkish proverb, "May your soul have as little rest as the hat of a German"—they bow to all others on deck whom they may happen to know. Then they begin to bow to all the strangers.

We leave Cologne far behind; but it is not yet that the Rhine takes its character of especial interest. Bonn and Königswinter must be passed, ere we come upon the first view.

This is the Seven Mountains, on the highest summit of which, stands the Castle of the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock. It

is now in ruins, and singular are the legends told in connection with it. On the opposite, or Bonn side of the river, stands another, called the Jew's Castle.

## CHAPTER III.

The Rhine from the Drachenfels to Elberfeld—Ruins of Rolandswerth—Beautiful Island of Nonnenwerth—Coblentz and its scenery—Ruins of Sternberg and Liebenstein—St. Goar—Castle of Guttenfels—Bacharach—The Rheingau, or Valley of the Rhine—Asylum for the Insane.

WITH the Castle of the Drachenfels still fresh in our memory, we come to the wildest and most glorious spot on the Rhine—the ruins of Rolandswerth. These are a broken tower on the crown of a lofty and perpendicular mountain. It was built by Roland, and overlooks the lovely island of Nonnenwerth ;



to the monastery of which, his lady through a mistake, retired, and took the irrevocable veil, during his absence in the wars.

The spot is singularly beautiful. Tourists pause to look upon it long and thoughtfully. The mournfulness of the story, which, through the hundreds of years that have passed since, has gathered no additions from fiction, gives more than a usually sad, but sweet, interest to the drooping willows that hang over the shelving banks of the island, and watch the shadow of their slender leaves in the river.

In due succession, Nonnenwerth, Reinagen, Andernach, and Neuwied, are left behind; and we reach Coblentz. At this place, we stop several days to explore the many interesting and beautiful scenes in its vicinity. The vine-covered banks of the Moselle, which falls into the Rhine at Coblentz, are too little thought of amidst the higher claims to admiration of the larger and more glorious stream.

Again we sail onwards, and slowly pass the once-imperial city of Boppard, on our

right. We turn from it, sadly thinking of the mutability of earthly empire, when before us rises in grim grandeur the rock above, which towers gaunt and threatening over the castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein.

They are scarcely out of sight, ere we reach St. Goar; named after the hermit, who here first preached to the inhabitants, the lovely religion of the Saviour. Directly afterwards, we pass along the narrow and dangerous channel of the Geweire.

Just beyond Kaub, we come to the island of Werth, with the castle of Guttenfels, standing over against it. Here the Rhine swells broad and wide, and seems on all sides bounded—flowing softly and silently, as it were a summer lake. Now we arrive at Bacharach; so named after Bacchus, and in honour of the peculiar excellence of the wine that is made there.

We are now entering the Rheingau, or valley of the Rhine. With these rocks, the glory and beauty of the river cease. Many, therefore,

quit the water at Bingen, and examine the remainder of the Rheingau from the land. This is not the best plan. A visit to Mainz will prove it has other sources of interest, besides the ever-memorable one of being the place where the most wondrous and the greatest of human powers was invented—Printing. And, but a short distance from it by railway, is the rarely-beautiful town of Heidelberg. From Bingen to Mainz, the distance is eight kilometres.\* In sailing thither, we pass the rocks of Niederwall, off the gate of Rheingau, and the little town of Elberfeld, with its sunlit gothic towers.

Here, overlooking one of the most beautiful and calmest scenes on the Rhine, an abbey has been turned into a mad-house! Alas! for those poor unstrung souls that tenant it. What a mockery, in such a spot, seems the loveliness of that outward nature which was formed but for the human spirit to enjoy!

\* The boats reckon the distance by kilometres—five-eighths of a mile.

Within those grey walls are the insane of all classes—the merchant and the shopkeeper—the noble lady and the peasant maid.

Among its inmates, is a young female, whose face, even though the mind that animates it is in ruins, still presents many traces of her former singular beauty. A gentleman, who had known her before the days of her affliction, assured me, the only proper expression for her beauty then, was “ineffably beautiful.” The nobleness of a regal intellect sat enthroned on her flowing brow. But, now she was a melancholy, sullen inmate of an asylum for the insane: mad, and not three-and-twenty!

Her story will be found in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

A Touching Story—Adeline Von Friedrichstein—The Young Lady's Father—His Affection for his Children—Consults the Priests—Their Advice to him—Sends his only remaining Daughter to a Monastery as an Offering to Heaven—Convent-horrors—The Abbess—Sister Louise—The young Nun's Cell—Spell of the Romish Church—Ceremony of taking the Veil—Beautiful Dress of "The Bride of Heaven"—The Chapel—Adeline's doom sealed for ever.

HERR VON FRIEDRICHSTEIN was in his declining years when his lady presented him with Adeline, his last daughter. Of a family of six that had been born to him, all were daughters. All of them, too, were pretty; but more than one was beautiful. But the

Fräulein Adeline von Friedrichstein was the most beautiful of all.

Yet in his family there was, unhappily, a hereditary malady ; and healthful as his children seemed whilst young, not one of them could be reared to maturity. Their father's religion was an unalloyed superstition, and he thought a fatality had fallen upon his house. One by one, as his daughters approached womanhood, they fell victims to consumption. He reared each more and more tenderly ; he became more and more indefatigable in his care over them. Not an unkindly breath of wind, not a drop of dew, was allowed to touch their cheek. If they failed in ordinary health, they were nursed night and day. Physicians were sent for from Coblentz, and even from Berlin.

But, in the end, all his tender carefulness was of no avail : his daughter died ; and was buried in the beautiful family grave on the banks of the Neckar. No flowers grow so pensively or so lovely, no grass is so luxu-

riant and so green, as that which grows on the graves by the banks of the sweet Neckar.

At last, the father believed he must be cursed ; else, why did his children die so ? He was a Romanist, heart and soul. He told the priests his fear. You may be sure they lost no time in fostering his superstition. It could be turned to account ; and they knew it.

They said they would pray to Heaven for him about it. It was done—or pretended to be done, and then they assured him he really had committed some enormous sin ; and for that, the Holy Madonna had cursed him. Or, if *he* had not, one of his ancestors had ; and some penitential and worthy offering must be made.

“ It is true ; there must be an evil crime hanging over my head,” said the Herr von Friedrichstein.

“ We are glad to see you so tractable,” said the priests. “ Persevere ! Say a ‘ Pater and Ave ’ and the seven penitential Psalms

every morning at six o'clock, every day at noon, and every evening at twilight, for a month. When you have finished, lick the form of the holy cross on the ground, in token of humiliation. This do; and the Holy Mother of God — from whom, and through whom, comes all salvation to sinners — will relent, and desire her Son to forgive you. But you must make her an offering."

"I am in the hands of the infallible Church."

"Praise be to the Virgin Mother for your resignation, our son! The Holy Madonna opens her maternal arms longing to embrace you when you shall have timely repented."

"What shall I offer?"

"Let your last and only daughter be sent to a monastery, and given up entirely to a marriage with Heaven."

"Why! what should I gain?" cried the father. "Is it not to save my child that I do penance?"



“Beware! beware, lest the malediction of the Holy Mother, to whom angels and seraphim, yea, God himself do homage; beware, lest her curse and malediction fall on thee for ever. The offering of thy daughter’s spirit to Heaven, and of her wealth to the Church, will appease the Omnipotent wrath of the Virgin, and turn her anger into blessings upon you and yours !”

Miss von Friedrichstein’s beauty was strictly German. Sweet blue eyes, and long flaxen ringlets falling over her neck and shoulders, to her waist, detracted nothing from the portrait. Her feelings were of the most sensitive and womanly order; her disposition was lively, but not gay.

In vain, she sought to soften her father. Then she fell on her knees before her mother—she even stretched herself to her whole length upon the ground, and poured forth her spirit in frantic implorations to be saved, and bathed her mother’s feet with fast-flowing tears. But all the power her mother had,

was to weep with her child, and murmur consolatory epithets, and vent her rage in bitter language against her husband, for taking from her her last hope—her last sweet link of affection.

The hour of separation quickly came. Still struggling, still clinging to her mother, and screaming wild entreaties, Adeline was carried away, and put into a carriage that stood at the door. A little time brought her to the convent, in which she was to be immured for her life. Once within, never again was she to be permitted to pass without those dreary walls ; it was a law of the strict sisterhood of which she was thenceforward to be a part.

There was a loud knocking, then the grating and jarring of bolts ; and the gates of the monastery swung sullenly on their hinges. The coach passed within them ; again they were flung to with a harsh sound, that in the gusty night-wind seemed almost like a human voice in its agony, or its

despair, as it swept along the vaulted corridors.

Far be it from me to wish to overcharge my picture. But I have seen this, and other convents abroad. And my head is pained, and my heart is sick ; and memory, however pleasant and beautiful her help at other seasons, hurts me, when she calls up the remembrances of those scenes. The dreary influence, the gloomy appearance of everything in those close dark rooms, is on me as I write. The black hangings, faded, perhaps, and somewhat torn ; the pallet of straw, dirty—ay, it may be filthy, in cases of severe penance ; the single chair and table of unpainted deal ; the black loaf ; the lamp, whose small and sickly flame in vain struggled with the dark and sombre shadows that filled the cell ; the black oak floor, uncarpeted, and mouldering into decay—with, it may be, a poor devotee, stretched at full length on her face, in its centre, engaged in penitential devotion,

from which even the presence of the Superior is not permitted to arouse her; the crevices between the boards, and in the doors through which the wind comes in, with that dreary sound which seems peculiar to it when it enters these miserable abodes.

Amidst the green leaves and the breathing flowers, the voice of the wind tells but of happiness and music. It is the joyful song of universal nature, put into sounds of love that may be tangible to the most earthy ear; but having entered these dwellings, it has lost all its mystic sweetness. There it learns the accent of pain, and it breathes of but what it hears : the groan that speaks how bitter is the burden of superstitious devotion ; the sigh that tells, even in the still and solemn midnight, of the soul's unrest ; the voice of lamentation that the deep solitude forces to the lips.

However earnest may be the belief of the devotee, that these tortures can recommend her to the notice of that loving Being who

commands his creatures to be happy and rejoice in Him always, yet human fears and human anguish must shake her soul—the more because of her morbid seclusion from the soothing voices of the outward world. She has made her earthly pilgrimage as one long passage through “the valley and shadow of death.” And there are hundreds of doubts and emotions that will rise in the heart, and haunt the sleepless pillow, for all her weary hours spent in penance and in prayer.

Never do I wish to enter a convent more. Never have I anywhere felt so painfully as there, that wind is the nearest semblance that matter can have with spirit. And there is a strange and saddening likeness to humanity in its murmurs as it howls mournfully along the vaulted passages, or shrieks through the crevices in the black and mouldering doors.

Adeline von Friedrichstein was conducted into the presence of the Abbess. She was a harsh, severe-looking woman ; cold, icy,

reserved. Ascetic must have been that penance, stern that mental discipline, which had so banished all human feeling, or emotion. She was now but a breathing machine, pursuing day after day a round of habits rather than devotions ; and still from impassibility, not faith nor content. She rose as Adeline was brought in :—

“ Welcome be the soul the Virgin sends me ! Here is rest. Henceforth neither worldly joys nor sorrows will disturb the peace of a solitude, and a hope, whose end will be heaven. Earth, and its thoughts and titles, my daughter, now are left far behind ; we and the Holy Mother, will call you sister Lucie. Follow me !”

She led the way through several winding passages. Adeline followed mechanically. Her limbs tottered ; her breath came quick and short ; she felt like fainting, and would have given worlds for a place wherein to shut herself, and give way to the passionate rush of tears, which she could not repress. At length,

the Abbess paused abruptly before an oaken door, which she opened and passed through. A small sickly fire just revealed itself in the little grate; it hardly sufficed to dry the damp from the rough walls. A lamp was suspended beneath an image of the Madonna, and before it knelt a young nun, deeply absorbed in her devotions.

"Sister Louise!" said the Abbess. The young nun rose to her feet as they entered. "Sister Lucie will henceforth be your companion; you will instruct her in her duties. She will occupy the next cell to this. God bless you!" and she statelily passed away.

Sister Louise was still very young—not twenty; but from the face, all bloom had long departed. The features were pale and thin; and wore that contracted appearance which gives to the whole countenance the likeness as of suffering. The lips were wan and colourless as the cheek: a paleness rendered the more remarkable by the large

black eyes, now lit up with all the excitement of devotional fervour. But as she looked upon you, gradually this unnatural brilliancy died away; leaving in their depths only a mournful sadness, and over the whole face an impression of utter melancholy, to which there could be neither joy nor happiness, until she had passed beyond the grave.

She walked over to Sister Lucie, as the Abbess left, and extending her hand to take Adeline's, she kissed her.

"Oh! take me to my room! take me to my room!" faltered Adeline.

"Come then, sister," returned Louise; and she opened the door of the adjoining cell. Adeline looked through tears on the wooden pallet, the bare comfortless walls. Above her hung a picture of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian; and the pale light of the lamp gave a terrible distinctness to the representation of the torture. In a recess was a crucifix, on which was extended a figure of the



Saviour, in His last agony. Everything around depicted gloom and suffering.

"And can I think that the Almighty could take delight in the torture, the penance, the death of mind and body, that fills this sullen place," gasped Adeline, clasping her hands.

Next day, Adeline commenced the heart-sickening round of conventual duties. The Abbess saw the young novice was not there of her own will. No time was to be lost in making her take the irrevocable veil. A dispensation for the novitiate was quickly obtained. Hardly had a fortnight elapsed, when the Abbess lovingly told her, that two days hence, she would be required to take the veil, and bid the world farewell for ever.

Deep and insidious is the spell by which the Romish church holds its victims. They know the human susceptibility to sight and sound. On the day of taking the veil, everything that can impress the imagination most

vividly, and make the young nun feel an unearthly reverence and solemnity, is brought into use. However restless the novice has felt before that day, at its close she remembers the unworldly—so it seems to her, but they are simply uncommon—feelings with which she breathed forth her resolution; and she believes it was the presence of heaven helping her to make a vow which now nothing on earth could cancel.

As the sisters lead her into a dressing-room to attire her for the ceremony, a sound of many voices—the more glorious in their sweetness, because they are all female—joining in sacred chorus, and lovely song is floated in to where she sits. The costume of the “bride of heaven,” as she is called, is always of surpassing magnificence. For the last time that she puts on a worldly dress, she is robed in the richest that taste could devise, or wealth procure. It is of white satin; the border worked in roses and flowers of gold. A stomacher of flashing jewels, makes her

bosom appear one expanse of radiance. A chain of diamonds is flung over her neck ; to which a small diamond cross, with an image of the Redeemer upon it, is attached. A wide band of gold, linked together with precious gems, encircles her waist, and thence depends almost to her feet. The hair is done up in ringlets ; falling like a golden summer-shower—each drop tinged by every ray of sunshine it had caught in its descent—about her neck and shoulders. At the back, a bandeau of diamonds confines a white lace veil, that falls in folds airy as a rainbow, and spiritual as an Italian summer-cloud around her person, till it sweeps the floor, and almost conceals the embroidered slippers on her feet.

All is hushed in the most profound silence, as the Abbess enters to take the novice by the hand, and present her to the bishop. Slowly they walk together along the corridor to the chapel. The moment they are within the vaulted edifice, the voices of the nuns again rise in softened holy song.

The effect of this hushed music from that most beautiful of all instruments, the human voice—of the light, the incense, everything, is on keenly susceptible natures most intense. Such persons sometimes suddenly burst into a flood of tears, then fall insensible into the Abbess's arms.

The chapel is illuminated by a thousand wax-tapers, for the light of day is completely excluded. Six of the loveliest children swing golden censers, filled with burning incense, before a picture of the Madonna. It rises in clouds to the painted roof, and the atmosphere is oppressive with perfume. Silent, veiled, motionless, the nuns are ranged in groups. The bride is led before the bishop.

The veil is unbound from her brow. The long, fair lengths of her hair fall to the ground one after another. The dark veil is flung over her face. The coarse robe in which she is henceforth to be attired is put upon her shoulders. Again the chorus raises

its voice in a hymn composed by one of the greatest Italian masters, and tremendous in its compass of triumphal flights and glorious emotions. More incense is flung into the censers. A soft white cloud fills the chapel. The young nun's doom is sealed for ever.

The day's excitement, at the end of a fortnight of deep sorrow, was too much for Adeline's sinking frame. It brought on a brain fever. In its dreadful ecstasy, she called frantically for her home and her mother. For some time, she lay hovering between life and death; but when, at last, she recovered, her physicians found that her reason had fled.

Ah! the beautiful and accomplished Adeline von Friedrichstein was the victim of a sullen madness. She was removed to the asylum near Elberfeld. But as yet she exhibits no sign of recovery.

## CHAPTER V.

Train from Maintz to Basle—Anecdote of Holbein—The beautiful Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen—Zurich—Approach to Italy—The Rigi Kulm hotel—Seeing the Sun rise—Conversation with a Sailor relative to the War in the Crimea.

AT Maintz, we take the train for Basle. Here we find the Rhine dwindled to a narrow stream, across which there is a pretty bridge. At Basle, there is little to interest us ; except an odd story they tell of Holbein, then a workman, but afterwards the great painter. Being employed in decorating the front of a house, and wishing for a holiday, he one day painted his legs so naturally, as hanging over

the scaffold, that, at night, his master congratulated him on his diligence; he not having been absent, as it seemed, a moment during the whole day.

From Basle, it is only a very pleasant day's tour to the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen. These beautiful falls are on the road from Schaffhausen to Zurich. They are something like a hundred feet in height, and tumble over the hanging rocks in several separated streams. Some tourists may speak lightly of them: from me, they always exacted a tribute of unaffected admiration. I think them exceedingly beautiful, especially whilst the bright summer sun shines fully on them. Then the clear ray brings out a thousand brilliant, but ever-changeful hues and prismatic colours. The Castle of Lauffen overlooks the falls.

From Schaffhausen, we have a short and easy journey to Zurich. Here a choice of three ways lies before us, in approaching Italy. By Berne and the Leman Lake. By

Lucerne, Berne, and the pass of the Gemmi, —thus going by the foot of Mont Blanc. But some there are who, when they come to this pass, feel inclined to turn back, and make the detour which it saves. Dangerous as it looks, however, there is no real cause to be alarmed. And the guides generally settle the matter, by offering to lead the timid traveller over it blind-fold. In the present instance, we chose the third. This way is by the Lake Lucerne, Interlachen, and the Wengern Alp.

Of course, we must spend a night at the Rigi Kulm Hotel. Travellers come hither in numbers to see the sun rise—not that they ever *do* see it, however. But it is a wondrously lovely view you have from thence. The bright silver of the glaciers, resting upon the soft azure of the sky, greatly heightens the sublimity of the scene.

Looking over the valley of Goldau, to the Rossberg, you see the broken crown ; a huge part of which, in 1809, separated from the



rest of the mountain, and completely overwhelmed the pretty little village of Goldau, at its foot. Not a soul escaped; for where it stood, you now walk over a confused expanse—rocks and stones, jumbled together.

Like all the other travellers, our little party rose at the unmusical sounds of the Bernese horn, and went out to see the sun rise. It is dreadfully cold on the Rigi; and, to an invalid, to whom a warm room was an absolute necessary of existence, it was almost unendurable. An old sailor observed me shivering, beyond measure; though wrapped in all the blankets I could find on the bed. He came up, with that ready courtesy for which, I think, sailors usually are so distinguished, offered to lend me his pea-jacket, to protect me from the bleak morning-air; and brought me out a bottle of good English ale, which, as all travellers on the continent know, is always so great a treat. As he partook thereof himself, he was very loquacious on the subject of the war in the east; ex-

pressed unbounded admiration for "Old Charley Napier;" and was very severe on the mismanagements of the English ministry. He had hardly brought his opinions to a glorious conclusion, when his master called him away. I now turned round to enjoy the magnificent prospect which, at sunrise, is seen from the Rigi.

## CHAPTER VI.

Lake of Lucerne—William Tell's Chapel—The Author's early Home and its Associations—Colony of Interlachen—Lutschinnen—Valley of Lauterbrunnen—Staubbach—Magnificent Mountain View—The Simplon—Convent of St. Bernard—Valleys of Fintana and Duomo d'Ossola—Lago Maggiore—Steamer to Sesto Calende—An Italian Landscape—Rome—The City of Miracles—St. Peter's—Streets and Buildings—Officers of Customs—Naples—Steamer to the City of the Crescent.

WE now take boat on the pretty Lake of Lucerne. To be sure, we must make a visit to William Tell's chapel, on this lake. It is a small edifice, directly overlooking the water; and in a singularly grand and romantic spot. The deep green waves are beneath: high

and perpendicular rocks form the boundary to the opposite side of the narrow channel ; above, is a sky of the coolest, loveliest blue.

Your Swiss guide dilates with rapture on the character and the exploits of William Tell. You know that there can scarcely be a shadow of doubt the whole history is a myth. But as you listen, you become almost a sharer in his enthusiasm, and feel no wish to undeceive him—or even yourself ; for if a fiction, it is rather a pleasant one.

But a holier memory hovered around Lake Lucerne. Will the reader kindly bear with me a moment, whilst I think upon my early home ? I went to the pretty villa once more. I threaded the labyrinthine walks amongst the limes and acacias in the garden. I looked upon trees and flowers, which I, and those dearer to me than myself, had planted. I walked through the old accustomed rooms ; and ah ! how dreadfully sad I felt ! I was glad to find a place of solitude and conceal-

ment; and there I "lifted up my voice and wept."

There was the pretty apartment overlooking the lake and the mountains, that was our sainted sister's drawing-room. There we played, sang, laughed, frolicked, and wept together. I pictured her just as she used to be once more. I thought of her loveliness; of her bright and joyous spirit, which scattered around us all a feeling of music and sunshine, and made us happy. I remembered her sweet piety, her filial devotion, her unquenchable love. But now, I shall never behold her on earth again.

And here, too, was my beloved mother's room. By that chimney-piece, how often has she sate holding me upon her knee, whilst she spoke of God! What a wondrously great, beautiful, affectionate being He was; how dearly He loved every creature that His hands had made—especially man. Then she would ask me if I could help loving such a

Father ; and would tell me, that if I loved Him, He would honour me and bless me on earth ; and, at last, safely conduct me through the Valley of the Shadow of Death to His own sweet Heaven. Heaven ! and with the word, her loving voice grew tremulous ; and, directing her soft blue eyes upwards, whilst tears of holy joy glittered on her eyelashes, she would shadow forth its loves and glories in images suited to my little capacities, until my heart trembled with a thrill of strange delight—though I scarcely knew why.

Ah ! our much-loved, almost worshipped mother ; despite of silent days, and long, lone nights of sadness, still my spirit turns to thee with holy joy. I would not lose the lightest thought that brings me one remembrance of thine !

You who have, or once had, a kind and loving mother, can you wonder that I felt a strange, but very lovely mournfulness ?

Or, that I was anxious to linger awhile, ere I passed over those holy scenes ?

From the Lake of Lucerne, we proceeded over the Brunig Pass, by Sarnen and Brienz to Interlachen. Interlachen is an English colony, formed in one of the very loveliest spots in Switzerland. In situation and everything else, it is fairy-like and romantic ; and is a favourite resort of English visitors. For they have the best society there, with musical and lively young ladies, sufficient to charm away the most inveterate melancholy : beautiful promenades, glorious mountain-scenery, and lovely lakes to sail upon, flowing up to their very doors. In the season, it is so crowded, that sometimes it is not easy to obtain such lodgings as you would like.

You look across the pretty stream, and there, nearly opposite Interlachen, you see the impressive gorge in the mountains, called the Lutschinnen. Through this, we have to go in our way onward to Italy.

. From the Lutschinnen, we pass into the delightful, the wildly magnificent valley of Lauterbrunnen. The change from the savage grandeur of the Lutschinnen, to the beauty and deliciousness of Lauterbrunnen, produces from the powerful contrast, the most lively emotions of pleasure and delight.

Here, also, we find the lovely Staubbach, which will inevitably be like nothing that you had expected. It is like nothing that your richest imagination could depicture. Its effect is beautiful—indescribable: falling from an immense height (almost 900 feet) like a volume of finely-powdered snow, gradually widening into the most graceful curves, as it descends. Upon it sits an inconceivably lovely iris: so near, that you may walk into it. And peaceful as a cloud, soft as a summer-mist, it falls to the earth.

We now begin to make the passage from the valley of Lauterbrunnen to the valley of Grindelwald, over the Wengern Alp. This is one of the most magnificent and beautiful



scenes in this land of magnificence and beauty. The ascent commences amongst shepherds and goats, and pasturages, and chalets ; while, as we wind higher and higher up the slopes, the distant mountains gradually unfold themselves to view, forming a scene of overpowering majesty.

On arriving at the village of Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon, we are all right glad. For we have begun to tire of the roughness, the dangers, and the piercing coldness of climbing mountains, and threading rocky passes ; and long for a breath of the exalting air from the odoriferous plains of Italy.

Of the magnificent passage of the Simplon, it seems almost sacrilege not to speak in terms of the most enthusiastic commendation. Its varied scenery—now solemn, now lovely—now stern, now the most softly beautiful—now sublimely majestic, now gentle in the extreme—produces a conflict of surprising emotions : emotions, such as can be felt no where else. But, it is impossible

not to feel a yearning for a softer clime, and more salient scenes. The mind is oppressed by the collected weight of so much lofty grandeur as it has daily met with in the Alps; and, when we are scarcely midway through the passage of the Simplon, we feel constrained—spite of proper travelling enthusiasm—to fling ourselves back on the cushions of the carriage, softly sighing to the ear that is beside us: “Would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!”

We pass the Ganther Bridge and Gallery, the convent of St. Bernard, the village of Simplon, the descent of the Frassinone, the gorge of Gondo. Then we come to a view of the softest, loveliest beauty: this is the valley of Fontana. We stand on the Pont de Crevola; and each gaze, and each successive feeling becomes more fascinating. The trees and vineries wave glorious in their summer strength of lightest, freshest green; the sky is of the sweetest azure; the sunshine bathes hills and vales, streams and flowers, in a flood

of light. Not a sound disturbs the repose of time and scene; except the little lizards that glide past you amongst the long grasses.

At Crevola, a valley even lovelier still, opens upon us. This is the Val d'Ossola. The drive from Crevola to Duomo d'Ossola is one of the most delightful enjoyments that can give a zest to our mortal life. The soul has lately been sojourning amongst scenes that image the Creator's majesty, omnipotence, and glory. These now have changed to a landscape where nature puts on her aspect of gentlest, softest beauty. It is love made clear to mortal eyes; the soul drinks in peace and heaven at every look. We sigh, even, through our perfect happiness. My sister, who sat next me, after vainly contending with the emotions and images the vale called up, covered her face with her handkerchief, and relieved her full heart by a passionate flood of tears.

Yet the village of Duomo d'Ossola, built in the midst of this beautiful landscape, is

one of the poorest, the most saddening of Italian villages. We are glad to get away from it, as soon as the postillions can possibly effect a change of horses.

From Duomo d'Ossola, we reach the Lago Maggiore, in a very short while. Here, to be sure, we must pause to admire the Borromean Islands: the Isola Madre, the Isola Bella, and the Isola dei Pescatori. The best view to be obtained of them from the shore, is from Baveno; and they, perhaps, impress you from thence the most favourably of all. The steamer that plies between Magadeno and Sesto Calende, takes you near to them; much of the illusion then vanishes. One may think them fine; but they are too artificial—there is too much of the architectural *ornée* over them, to allow you to call them beautiful.

At Sesto Calende, we take horses, and go on to Milan. Here we tarry at least a day, if we have the time. We next go along the Via Emilia to Verona. Let us believe that it

and Venice, and Bologna ; the wild and dreary road from Bologna to Florence, with its lone and sinister inn of Covigliajo—the house which has witnessed the murder of so many travellers—the heights above Fiesole ; the delicately-fair Florence ; the wondrously lovely Val d'Arno ; the exquisite falls of Terni ; the sweet Lacus Thrasimenus ; the gentle, joyful, beautiful little river Clitumnus ; the magnificent falls of the Velino ; the Civita Castellana ; the dreary solitude of the Campagna di Roma : let us believe that these are sufficiently well known to the reader to need no description now.

We are at Rome : the city of miracles ; for not a day passes there, but one happens either in public, or in private. The private ones generally are procured by presenting an extra wax-candle or two to the Virgin, or some other image ; or putting a larger gift in the offertory. And they consist chiefly of extraordinary means of getting gains—rightfully or wrongfully, it is all one—obtaining

good prizes in the lottery, healing the sick, blessing the crops, and casting out devils.

The public miracles are endless in their diversity. But, among the commonest of these, are horses and oxen speaking; which in propitious years happens three or four times:—this is a handsome average; images of the Madonna, talking, winking, or opening their lips; and angels appearing to priests.

We pass by the lions in the Piazza del Popolo, that so lavishly and so offensively supply the inhabitants with water, by means of their mouths. Now we stand before the magnificent colonnade, that extends in front of St. Peter's. We ascend the broad flight of steps; and, as we enter the majestic edifice, how vividly we feel the way men have seemed to dwarf themselves by their own creations! Everything there is beautiful; everything there is a feeling of the tremendous. Yet, mighty as is the dome—as are the vast columns—the ribbed roof—everything; they

do not disturb you by their immense magnitude. It is a sublime whole! It is perfection!

We now quit Rome. The postillion rattles us along the irregular streets—beggars, of all ages, invoking our charity at every turn. And dressed in such coats! patched of red, blue, green, and brown; yet all worn with an air of such serene assurance, as if a garment of many colours were the most favoured robe of humanity. The church of San Giovanni, and the Suonatore di Violini, of Rafaele, are pointed out to us. A few images—Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, St. Peter—are seen in children's hands, whilst they play upon the door-step as we glide onwards.

We pass a few donkey-carts, whose ragged drivers have a hat upon their head that requires the utmost exertion of our imagination, to recognise as a *hat* at all; and yet we pause to admire the exhibition of tasteful and loving feeling, which these

untutored Italians display; for in that torn hat a flower is stuck.

Then we come to another string of donkey-carts, laden with provisions for the market. By means of sacks, boards, and baskets, they are made to carry a quite indefinite quantity of provisions; but each is drawn by one wretched little animal, that, by way of compensation for the work and abuse he gets, is tricked out as fine as brass nails and red and yellow ribands can make him.

Between Rome and Naples, we shall certainly be stopped six or seven times, to undergo the disagreeable examination of the officers of the Customs. And on each occasion, it can be for nothing else than the extortion of a gratuity. We reach the gates; once more we are detained to have our passports examined: and here, even the military guards beg.

We found very excellent apartments in the Chiaja, opposite the Villa Reale, or Royal



Gardens; amongst whose shady walks was our favourite drive. Of course, we visited Vesuvius; and did not omit to obtain a sight of the Strada di Toledo, one of the most bustling streets in the world. We purchased, also, a few of the sugar-saints, &c., that, reposing on heaps of flowers, are offered for sale on the lemonade stalls. The last luxury should hardly be without its notice. The Italian damsels mix it very beautifully for you. A barrel of snow is suspended between two pillars. Now and then, she sets it swinging, which helps in dissolving the snow. At her side, is piled a large heap of oranges and lemons. You ask for a glass of lemonade. She squeezes the juice of a lemon into a glass, and mingles with it a little of that of an orange; then fills it with the snow-water. It is a very delicious cooling drink; but you must take with you your own sugar. The damsel does not keep such an article by her, for the Italians usually take it without.

We step on board the steamer, and glide

softly along the magnificent bay. The scene is sweetly, gloriously, beautiful. One peculiar charm of the bay of Naples depends on the islands on both sides of its entrance: Capri, Ischia, &c. These rise from the deep blue sea, and smile beneath the cloudless sky, like sapphires that love has breathed upon. And the whole landscape in the far distance dissolves, as it were, in a mist of light.

After being at sea about five days, our ship drops anchor in the Golden Horn. The City of the Crescent rises with most imperial grandeur on our left. Our desires are realised, and we are at Stamboul.

## CHAPTER VII.

The Author and his Sister at Scutari—View of the Imperial Serai and Seven Towers—Legend of the Maiden's Tower—Meeting with our fair friend, Mrs. T—Descent from the Steamer—The Sultan's magnificent Caique—Portrait of Mrs. T—Her Husband, an English Officer—Handsome Barracks—Motley appearance of the Osmanli Troops—Their Character as Warriors—Their Endurance and Fortitude—The Pasha—Deference of Turkish Soldiers to their Superiors.

It was such a day as shines only in the golden clime of the East. The huge steamer had anchored before Scutari. On the European side, our eye was fixed by the Imperial Serai, and the Seven Towers. On

the Asiatic side, we looked upon the Maiden's Tower: on the mournful legend attached to which we were thinking, as we gazed dreamily across the blue waves to where it raised its walls of grief-worn aspect, when our attention was drawn by a handsome *caïque*, that, impelled by four gaily-dressed *caïquejis*, glided with the speed of an arrow towards the vessel. Ever and anon, a lady's head appeared from beneath the rose-coloured curtains that depended from the awning; her eyes earnestly directed towards the deck of the ship.

"I declare, it is Mrs. T——!" said my sister, as the boat came near enough to render the features of the lady distinctly visible. "How good she is to come so soon!"

An English lady and her husband had appointed to meet us at Pera; but we hardly supposed they would discover our arrival so speedily as this indicated.

She waved her handkerchief; this was

immediately answered by a similar signal from the boat. A minute more, and the lady alluded to, with a brace of pistols in the girdle at her waist, stepped on board.

"Mrs. E— we have Mrs. E— with us !" said we, when the salutations were over. But that instant the lady in question came bounding along the deck.

"Now, stop a little !" cried she, as Mrs. T— was about to kiss her cheek, in a flood of joy. "You know, I always take compliments on the same principle that kings take taxes—I look upon them as my right. So, before you commence, let me tell you how much thanking I expect. I have left a great treat to come to you."

"You always were so good."

"Heinrich, to celebrate the day of our arrival in Constantinople, I suppose, has ordered the cook to serve him up pickled cucumbers, done in ice, with all the et ceteras, in full Osmanli fashion. \* And, really

he felt it impossible to understand how I could forego the fascination of so delicious a breakfast, even to see one of my dearest friends."

"I thank you very much."

"Well," said Mrs. E—, turning to my sister, "it is quite plain that we must go on shore directly. You may safely leave your luggage to Fate and the sailors, as I shall leave mine. Have you," to Mrs. T—, "taken us apartments in the house of Mushir Scodra. Some-body-or-other?"

"I expect to have a lovely place emptied for you. But for to-day, I do believe you must go to the Hotel d'Angleterre, or to Messiri's. The prospect from the Hotel d'Angleterre is enchanting."

"But why are you armed so seriously?" asked my sister. "It makes you look so strange."

"Not at all, if you look at it in the right way, my love," interposed Mrs. E—. "Look you:—She is, or has been, travelling in a most

outlandish country, where people would shoot one for the value of a para. They try to shoot Mrs. T— but miss. She shoots them. I never went to college, but it seems to me now, my reasoning is perfectly logical; at any rate, I maintain that it is, and that is much the same."

"Well, come on shore," said my sister.

"There is to be a grand review," said Mrs. T—. "The Sultan is coming. Ah! there he is; look, I beseech you!"

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. E—, "and is that then 'the Light of Creation,' and the 'Glory of the Sun?' We shall be too late now, if we do not make haste!"

They passed along the deck to the steps; at the feet of which Mrs. T—'s caïque lay floating like a swan upon the gently moving waters.

"Now, mercy heaven upon our ill-used race!" cried Mrs. E—, looking down over the ship's side. "To think that, in these days of reform and propriety, nothing better than

a wooden ladder has been devised for the use of the female sex, in getting in and out of ships. The gallantry of men to women, I am convinced, is very much over-rated. I suppose, we must do as women always have to do now-a-days—as well as we can. You go first.”

One of the *caïquejis* ascended the steps; and gently guiding my sister to the boat, then handed her along to the cushions as softly as if she had been the Sultana Validé herself. Mrs. E— and Mrs. T— were passed along in the same careful manner.

“Get as near as you can to the Sultan’s barge,” said Mrs E—. The men shot off like an arrow into the middle of the stream.

“What do you think of that, dear?” asked Mrs. E—, as they moved side by side with the state *caïque*.

“Splendid, but too gaudy,” rejoined my sister, “too artificial to agree with my notions of magnificence.”

She was right. Without the trumpery



and tawdry ornaments of a "Lord Mayor's Show," there yet was a fineness, a glare about it, that displeased the delicate taste. The most brilliant colours, and the most elaborate carving and gilding which could be devised, were displayed in every part.

At its stern reclined the Sultan himself, beneath a gorgeous canopy; and behind him sat his body-guard. A large figure of a peacock stood in the front; and near that, sat the Sultan's sword-bearer. Twenty-six caïquejis propelled it with great velocity: their picturesque attire, and the regularity of their movements, producing one of the prettiest effects in the whole scene.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Mrs. T— is worthy of a portrait in my gallery, she shall have one. Hers is one of those faces which claim your attention from the very first; yet for worlds, you could scarcely say why. The proof that she is lovely, is given by the fact, that you never thought of calling her pretty. It is an

English face—thoroughly English. The calm intellectual forehead ; the firmly-set lips, indicating the quiet decision of her character ; the long, and slightly Grecian nose ; the strongly, but exceeding sweetly-defined features ; the bright, clear eyes ; the pensive, dreamy look of early sadness ; the skin, soft and pale, with a slight tint of rose in the middle of each cheek. The dark hair fell in long, sunny ringlets about her neck ; and her commanding figure was this morning revealed in all its graceful proportion, through the robe of pale primrose damask, drawn in around her waist by a silken tassel.

Her husband was a superior officer in the British army. We hoped to meet him at Stamboul ; but a short time before, he had been ordered to join his regiment in the Crimea.

Our party landed at Scutari. Many of the Turkish barracks are among the handsomest in the world, and the barracks at Scutari are among the handsomest in

Turkey. It is a quadrangular palace-like structure, and usually the residence of the Imperial Guard.

Several thousand Osmanli troops were collected beneath a burning sun. And a most singular appearance do these soldiers present. The Sultan had not arrived; and the officers had seated themselves on the carpet, feasting on cucumbers, beside their wives; whilst the soldiers lay coiled in the dust, some talking, others soundly asleep. And are these the men, one is ready to inquire, to whom Messrs. Bright, Cobden, and the Peace Society, would intrust the stemming of the Russian torrent of barbarians, and the preservation of the peace of Europe?

The discipline of the Osmanli army is bad to the last degree; and the men feel it if they do not know it. Scarcely half-a-dozen good generals can be found in it, and without courageous and skilful leaders, the Turkish soldiers never will battle, as their personal

bravery would incite them to battle. They fight best at a distance ; they cannot stand a charge, because they are unable to meet it with disciplined troops. What execution they do in hand-to-hand combat, is effected by real recklessness of their person, rather than an exercise of military skill. They fling themselves upon the enemy, and inflict as many wounds as chance enables them to do, before they are cut down. An Osmanli charge is a series of acts of wild, unreasoning daring.

But I do not intend this description to be placed side by side with those which speak of the Osmanli troops, as being bad almost without a redeeming trait. Under good officers, with proper discipline, they would rank among the bravest and most enduring soldiers in the world. The quiet fortitude with which they support pain and privation ; the filial veneration which they entertain for their sovereign, are as surprising as they are delightful. We have been led to think

that the Ottoman army is composed of the most brutish and ferocious men that can be imagined. Nothing of the kind. We conversed with some of the soldiers, who had fought hard at Hirshova, at Oltenitza, and Giurgevo. Their knapsacks were emptied. They were in rags and tatters, and many of them with the soles of their shoes literally tied to their feet. They had received no pay for ten months, and could not always get a stomach full of the plain fare allowed them. Yet :—

“Are you contented, then, under such great hardships?”

“Yes, tchelebis !”

“But it is hard to fight, badly clad, in want of food, and without pay.”

“But we must be satisfied, tchelebis, if the best that can be done, is done for us.”

“It is very pleasing to hear that you can speak so bravely, so self-devotedly, in this hour of suffering.” •

“The Sultan suffers most, tchelebis. We all are his children, and he cares for us

by night and by day. His head would touch the cupola of heaven, and his heart would be lifted to paradise with gladness, if he could do better for us. He cannot get money, Sir ; and how should we ask for that which he has not to give ?”

Nor could we help noticing how very polite and respectful were the soldiers to ourselves, or their superiors. The Osmanli, be he ever so poor, is always well-behaved. The Pasha, when the duties of the day are over, spreads his carpet side by side with that of the soldier, the arabaji, or the caïqueji, and enters into conversation with him, quite on equal terms. He does not lord it over him, nor brow-beat him because he is poor : but listens attentively to all he has to say ; and allows himself to be convinced by the argument, if it is truth. Nor does the humbler Osmanli think of abusing this condescension in his superior : never is he betrayed into taking improper liberties, because of the deference thus paid to his

feelings, or opinions. He talks in an honest, manly manner; and when he has finished speaking, makes his *teminah*—his salutation—with the strictest etiquette.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid—Astonishment of the Turks on beholding us Franks—Osmanli children—Feast of Cucumbers—Party of Ladies—Heyminé Hanoum, a young Circassian Beauty—Female Loveliness—Altered State of Life and Manners in Turkey—The Sultan—His Look of Melancholy—The Alliance with England—Domestic Habits of Abd-ul-Medjid—Beauties of the Bosphorus—The glorious East—Landscape at Sunset—The Custom House—Narrow Streets—Dogs a prevailing Nuisance—The Sweet Waters.

WE mounted the horses that Mrs. T— had ordered to be in readiness for us. Slowly we threaded our way amongst the admiring groups. On one side, we could hear many a



“Mashal'lâh !” (God be praised !) from the men; on the other side, as many an “Inshal'lâh !” (I trust in God !) accompanied by uplifted hands, burst from the lips of the women, as they looked upon the females of our party. How women could possibly balance themselves on horses' backs in that way, was utterly past their comprehension. And one stately old Turk, more anxious or more bold than the rest, stepped up, and twitching our sleeve, requested to be assured whether those Kadeuns (ladies) had any legs and feet. Of course, we were overjoyed that we were able to answer the excellent Osmanli in the affirmative.

“We will secure a place beneath the shadow of the Sultan's pretty kiosque,” said Mrs. T—.

“You must be the *ηγεμών*,” said we; “for you are the only one that knows the way.”

“I wish we were either there, or somewhere else,” said Mrs. E—. “If this is your

review, I can see nothing in it. Now, out upon these children! I am certain that I shall hurt some of them, yet!"

Truly, we had much difficulty in avoiding them, so thickly had they posted themselves in waiting for the day's show. Osmanli children have unbounded confidence in the kindness of grown-up persons. They rely upon it, that you will do nothing to hurt them; and, therefore, are at no pains to get out of your way. Shouting as loud as you can, is the most effectual plan for dispersing them—it convinces them that you are in earnest.

We quitted the ranks of loungers—men, women, and children, alike pleased over their feast of cucumbers, or 'mohalibe and powdered sugar—and sought a safer and easier path. It was found. The road opened, and became prettier. It now lay between leafy trees and hanging gardens, to the summit of the lofty Buhl-gurl-a-Daghi;

on an acclivity of which stands the barracks.

A convenient standing-place was found, where we could patiently wait for the day's show. A party of ladies had quitted their araba; their slaves had spread the rich cushions side by side with ourselves; and the ladies sate down to regale themselves with cucumbers, flirt with their eyes, and make teminas to their acquaintance. No sooner had they arranged themselves, than they looked on us, and smilingly invited us to a share of their carpet and cushions, by the usual form of invitation to Frank strangers:

"Gel, Capitan, Hanoums, gel!" ("Come, captain and ladies, come!")

We joyfully obeyed it; and, really, one could hardly help a soft fluttering, as one found oneself seated *tête-à-tête* with one of the loveliest young creatures that I ever saw—even in Turkey, where beauty of the highest and purest kind is so common. She was a

pale, languid, large-eyed Circassian beauty, scarcely sixteen years old ; just the age when Circassian beauty is displayed in its greatest glory, and Eastern loveliness, unsurpassed by any loveliness on earth. Nothing could be likened to the expression of those eyes—deeper than seas, clearer than stars—as, with a smile that just displayed the white teeth, and a singularly graceful wave of her snowy arm and hand, she bade me welcome, and directed me where to take a seat.

I never knew an Osmanli who was ignorant of her beauty, and scarcely ever saw one who did not dearly love to play off her varied charms upon any agreeable representative of mankind. To this rule, the fair Heyminé—for she had speedily confided to me her name, and many other particulars—formed no exception. I supposed she never would be able to arrange her yashmak and feradji to her satisfaction. When I approached her at the first, I remarked nothing extraordinary in the

fashion and ordering of either—they appeared to me both to be right and fair enough. But Heyminé, it seemed, did not believe so. And again and again, whilst folding them to her heart's content, she exposed to unveiled view, so much of her arms and neck and face, as would have put any orthodox Osmanli husband mad, utterly mad, if he had seen it. And all the time she kept up a pretty murmur of the softest Osmanli expletives, that died away with hardly more of sound than if her gently flowing breath had been turned into music.

A few years ago, my proceedings would have subjected me very likely to imprisonment; certainly to rough usage at the hands of the blacks, who mounted guard over their master's property. And the fair Heyminé would as surely have paid for her wickedness in talking to one of mankind, by confinement in the harem; or, perhaps, by submitting her snowy little neck to the bowstring. But, of late, these things are greatly changed: and more

than ever since the alliance between England and Turkey.

For some time, we waited, and then there was a cry, "The Padishah comes!" In the distance, we could hear the sound of a military band. Then we saw a squad of cavalry galloping towards us. Behind them, were the poles with horses' tails flaunting in the sunshine, that are the insignia of the pasha's rank. A few minutes more, and the Sultan passed us; accompanied by officers, ministers of state, pashas, and beys—all mounted. He turned a very kindly look, and smiled a sweet soft smile upon our group of Giaours, as he rode along. We bowed, and he smiled again. He wore a fez, in the front of which was fastened a tall plume, with the diamond agraffe.

The Sultan looks exactly what he is—a calm, quiet, affectionate, and very gentlemanly man. His face is set in a profound melancholy. It bears the stamp that his temperament is sad and sensitive by nature; but more than

that is the cause of his deep gravity. The insidious workings of Russian policy towards Turkey, have long been patent to all the world. England—England the just, the chivalric, the philanthropic—England that had a stake in the fate of Turkey, nearly as great as that of Turkey herself—this England looked idly and passively on. He felt himself and his country to be sold, unstrung, doomed.

At the fifty-ninth minute of the twelfth hour, we sent our armies and our ships to help the weak against the barbaric strong. But ah! how unearthly solemn is this question to all gifted with the direction of the foreign policy of empires! how much treasure, and how much of human life, would have been saved, had England honourably, boldly declared her intention years ago? Would Nicholas then have ever nursed such hallucinations as he did? No!—once more and emphatically, no!

The Sultan looks older than he really is—thirty-three. But his face is still handsome.

When young, he must have had a very attractive countenance. He wears his beard and moustache long. But from his having scarcely ever—or never—shaved, it is very thin, and fine. It would have a much better expression were it thicker and stronger.

His domestic habits are very simple. In the morning, he rises early, and, according to Muslem custom, takes a pipe and a cup of coffee. Then comes the bath, and the duties of the toilette. His breakfast follows. This is taken in the Mabein, or Imperial Selam-liuk, and always quite alone. From this time till sunset, he occupies with his ministers; in audiences with the ambassadors at his court; reading foreign newspapers; or making excursions to some beautiful watering-place. At sunset, he takes his second and last meal; and then retires to the imperial harem.

We made our teminas—our salutations—to the ladies, who had evinced so much kindness to the Frank strangers, and left



them; but not till they had several time pressed us to make an early visit to their house; and had given us a bouquet each, begging us to look at it often, and when we did so, to remember that it was like the picture we had left in their hearts. All this we promised to do. Slowly, we retraced our way to the bank, where our caïque lay moored. There we embarked to cross over to Pera.

With a merry heart, our caïquedjis pushed off into the splashing blue waters of the Bosphorus. Assuredly, this is one of the loveliest, if not *the* loveliest, of streams in the world. The Rhine is beautiful; in itself, its vine-clad banks, its castled crags. The Lake of Como is more beautiful. It has—what the Rhine has not—repose, light softening into a thousand forms of golden shadow, salient glades, and lofty trees. The Bay of Naples is yet more enchanting than either. But the Bosphorus! never did I conceive such images of Heaven as whilst

we were sailing upon its lovely waves. No-where else are the waters so brightly, deeply, beautifully blue—is the sky so clearly azure—the summer-cloud so rosy—the soft atmosphere flooded with such a glorious sunshine—do the trees grow so luxuriantly, nor with leaves so brightly green—are the flowers of such gorgeous hues, such brilliant colours. Ah ! you should see those trees and those flowers ! trees through whose leafy branches the sunlight falls like a shower of sifted gold and jaspers upon the grass and little plants beneath—trees, beloved of the robin and the bee, and around whose feet the violets grow most luxuriant.

Then there are the laughing waves, singing their eternal song of love, and flinging their spray, like a shower of diamonds, on the shrubs and rich cactuses that grace their banks ; and sylvan villas, whose stainless fountains and flowery gardens cause them to look like Beatrice's idea of King Pedro for a husband—made only for holidays ;

till the varied outline of tree and hedge, turf and garden, distant mountain and sweeping vale, is lost in the clear sky.

Glorious in beauty, unsearchable in mystery, is the land of the East. Still fraught with reminiscences of the Garden of Paradise; still full of attesting features to the divinity and unchangeability of those prophecies that mark it as the central point, whence shall flow those wondrous feelings, where shall be exhibited those wondrous scenes—to be revealed in the, as yet, cloudy to-come.

Everything in the East wears an aspect of peculiar fitness to be used in the outward manifestations of God's majesty, and loving-kindness and glory. It is here the human body is developed into earliest maturity—is moulded to the most beautiful form—the human face puts on a perfect loveliness that approximates nearest of all to the divine—the human soul may be cultivated to its highest glory; for there it looks upon the

sweetest, gentlest, but yet the most exalted images supplied by earth. The soft beauty of all you look on fixes the eye lovingly. It is sky, air, earth, put into music ; it is humanity—and especially woman—expressing a beauty half earthly, half spiritual, that touches you with a sense of the angelic. But we raise our eyes once more to the City of the Crescent, the Imperial Serai, the minarets, the domes, Sulimanie, Sultan Achmed ; and the thought that in this hold of one of the most offensive of beliefs, dignified by the holy name of religion, follows us from one hill-top to another—from one smiling river, and ringing-sea to the next—gushes in words to the lips. How long shall these noble men bow the knee to false gods ? How long shall these tranquil vales be defiled by sins most odious in the sight of Heaven ?

The sun had just set ; filling the air and sky with golden light, and flinging a blush's crimson dye upon the musical waves. The deep melancholy notes of the call to prayer, were

borne faintly to our ear upon the wings of the evening wind. Large fiery clouds slept on the blue serene of the southern sky; the west was one wide unbroken sweep of glowing light. In the perspective, a flock of birds were flying off to their repose. Sea-gulls floated airily overhead; or dipping their wings to the surface of the waters, sported with the wild ducks that were sailing tranquilly about amongst the ships. A soft-scented breeze came from the Asian shore, just stirring the hair that hung over the pale and tired brow. A few gentle strains from some mandolins, accompanied by voices, fell with dim, indistinct harmony, upon the ear.

It was a fairy hour—fairy as

“When the sea  
Sleeps like a child in mute tranquillity,”

and brought tears to the eyes of all who had a feeling heart.

The caiquedjis drew alongside the Custom-

house quay. Here we, for the first time, removed the luggage from our caïque. Several of the servants of the house lent us their help ; a kindness the more pleasing, as we had so little that our caïquedjis could well lift it on shore in a few moments.

As we entered the building, a very noble-looking Osmanli stepped forward, and with the most gracious of smiles, said, "Have you brought any merchandise with you?" "No. Our portmanteaux contain simply such personal necessities as we require whilst travelling." The official bowed ; as an acknowledgment that he had accepted the assurance. Then, courteously waving his hand in the direction we were to go, said, "That is quite sufficient: pass on!" Very different this from the impertinent prying to which your person and your luggage are submitted, by the hosts of searchers and military guards, who meet you at every turning of the road on some parts of the continent.

\* \* \* \*

As soon as we commenced the ascent of the steep hill of Töpp-hanni which terminates in the High Street of Pera, we were impressed, beyond anything that we had expected, by the narrowness, the dirtiness, the ruggedness of the streets. The High Street of Pera is built so extremely narrow, that a man of average length of arm might stand in the centre and almost touch the houses on each side of him. If an araba is threading its slow and dubious way before you, you will do well, and save yourself much vexation, by making no attempt to pass it; for the green-turbaned balloony-breeched driver, who walks so leisurely in front of the oxen has a noble contempt of a straight line of proceeding.

Oh! with what a loathing we turned from the hosts of mangy, sickly dogs, whose straw huts we passed every now and then! They welcomed us with a grand chorus of barking, and one or two such unearthly howls as I never heard before, nor wish to hear again.

I have a great dislike to dogs. That most awful of all deaths which the human being can die, hydrophobia, being liable to communication from them, is, I think, a sufficient reason for the extermination of the whole race. But here, where the most wretched-looking of their species are collected in numbers, we are told that hydrophobia is rarely witnessed; for, on one of the animals exhibiting symptoms of it, his comrades fall upon and devour him. They have, too, their defined "beats and parishes;" and no cur dares go beyond these bounds, except at the certain penalty of being worried, till he is but too happy to sound a retreat.

That night we slept in the apartments of our friend Mrs. T—. Next day, we removed to a pretty house, that she had taken on the Bosphorus, and over-looking the Sweet Waters.



## CHAPTER IX.

The Author writes to Mustapha Effendi—Cordial Invitation to visit him—His Gallant Sentiments—His Palace on the Banks of the Bosphorus—Its charming Situation and countless Beauties—The Morning-room described—The Gorgeous Saloon—Yasumi Hanoum, Mustapha's young Wife—Her kindly Greeting to her Visitors—Beautiful View—Personal Appearance of Yasumi—A Circassian and a Georgian Beauty—Woman and her Master—An Osmanli Wife—The Blighted Heart—Love of Children—Happy State of Childhood—Affection of Mustapha for Yasumi.

It is almost idle to expect enjoyment in Turkey, unless you have opportunities of

mingling in real Osmanli life. So we sent a note to Mustapha Effendi, a quiet gentlemanly Osmanli, at whose palace we were certain of being made welcome guests. He had, on a previous occasion, seen my sister ; and now we told him of our desire to pay a visit to his Selam-liuk, and wished he would name a time that would be convenient for our reception.

The *empressement* with which Mustapha Effendi received our proposal, equalled our most sanguine hopes ; for our letter had not been despatched an hour, ere a messenger came to us bearing a reply, saying, that nothing could please him more than our immediately becoming his musafferem—his guests—for a prolonged period.

As for my sister, "it was no secret in his harem, that, when ever he thought of her, his heart gushed over with affection like streams in the desert. That she was more beautiful than a drop of light on a spring-leaf, and more delicate than a sun-beam.

That the remembrance of her face was sweeter than the date, and her voice charmed him more than the notes of the bulbul." What reply could we send to such gallant sentiments as these! except by returning our thanks, and accepting the invitation at once.

His palace was on the edge of the Bosphorus, and built of masonry, in the pure, but exceedingly picturesque, style of Turkish architecture. It was a long building, yet relieved from all appearance of flatness or insipidity, by the floor being raised much above the ground on thick stone walls; and by rows of pillars, at those regular intervals where the rooms stood out beyond the sides of the structure. On one side, the walls were washed by a lake hollowed in white marble; and the surrounding courts were also paved with the same glistening material. In the midst, a fountain, beautifully carved, threw a thousand jets of diamond spray. The clear water sparkled with multitudes of

little golden fishes, tossing themselves happily in the sunbeams. And over all, calm and regal as an eastern beauty, stood the palace, gazing on its lovely image reflected in the glassy wavelets that fawned upon its feet.

It was, indeed, a scene of enchantment : so still, so silent, so bright and sunny ; surrounded by orange-trees, and palms, and limes, and terraces of the most glorious flowers which the prodigal hand of an Eastern summer sheds. Over these, the zephyrs passed with a gentle sound, like the dying murmurs of fairy music ; and playing round the cheek, soft and unsubstantial as a dream of nymphs, sailing in shells of pearl amidst the coral caves of southern seas ; and bearing such a full gush of perfume, that you were fain to yield yourself entirely up to the sleep-like langour that filled the time and scene.

The morning-room was an elegant apartment. Lit by nine windows, with glass folding-doors that opened upon a terrace, with spaces of marble for the feet to rest on, in

Our caïque drew up in the shadow of a row of plane trees, where a path from Mustapha Effendi's house descended to the water. A slave saw our approach, and immediately ran in doors. A moment more and Yasumi Hanoum, Mustapha's young wife, came running down the terrace to the caïque. My sister rose, and stepped on to the landing-place. Yasumi took her hand, and kissed the hem of her dress; the two being the greatest marks of affection which an Eastern lady can exhibit.

"Shekier Al'lâh!—God be praised!—you are come!" said she, in those soft melodious tones which make the voice of an Osmanli woman seem almost music. "You are very kind to come here to see me. I love you very much! and hope you will be able to love the simple Osmanli. May I love you?"

"How glad I shall be if you will! I hope you will love me dearly," said my sister, smiling affectionately upon her.

“And you will love me, too?”

“I shall only love you too much;” and she threw her arms around Yasumi’s neck fondly, then raised her hand to her lips.

“You are very good. You shall have all my heart. Now come; my husband will be impatient, if we do not haste.”

She led us along the orangery to the parterre. Here we lingered awhile beside the basin, to see the scales of the golden fishes glitter in the sunshine. We next slowly ascended the marble steps to the belvedere: and once more we paused to gaze on the beautiful gardens; the blue waves, splashing the banks of each little bay and inlet; the dancing caïques; the distant mountains of Asia. Then we walked onward to the saloon.

Yasumi—Jasmine—Hanoum was a beautiful Circassian, of scarcely seventeen years. Her complexion was unsullied as the daylight; with a lovely pink on each cheek: and her skin was soft, delicately soft, as the interior of a violet’s leaf. Her nose was long, straight,

and nobly-formed. Her features were exceeding lovely ; but the best of all, was the expression of the soul's glory that shone through them so exaltingly. Her eyes were—as her husband often told her—“ like oysters, and her lips as ruddy as the dye of Khorassan.”

The first simile was a very unpoetical one, certainly ; but when you looked on Yasumi, you felt its force, and the depth of its meaning, though haply you could not put the feeling into words. The large, loving, unsearchable eyes of a Circassian woman have a wondrous expression. Any one who has seen them, will never forget the effect they had when their gaze was fixed full upon him. Her head was formed after the most magnificent Caucasian type : which few need be told is the same as—rather, it is the parent of—the English ; and is the very highest organisation presented by the head of the human race. The forehead was wide and lofty ; its flowing line was of genius and of grace, and expressed a regal dignity that

stamped her one of Nature's Queens. Her hair was thick, dark, and glossy; but, after the fashion of Osmanli women, greatly disfigured by being cut short and square just below the ears.

Then Mustapha Effendi has an oda'liek, of whom I shall have to speak presently. Nergis, which means Narcissus—is a Georgian. The beauty of a Georgian and a Circassian woman has a difference—and that distinctive. The Circassian has a complexion—fair like the snow on her own mountains—the Georgian is dark. The Circassian is loving, soft, gentle, to the perfection of womanliness; calm, languid, graceful as a swan in all her movements—the Georgian is sprightly, careless, energetic, rapid. The Circassian is tall,\* often very tall; with a slight, delicate, willowy, figure—the Georgian is rather of a middling height, stouter, and more strongly formed.

\* I have seen them five feet eight, nine, or ten inches; and their average height is above that of English women.



Yasumi was, as I have said, an extremely beautiful young creature, with one of the most loving, the most pure of hearts, ever possessed by woman. We had never seen her before, for Mustapha had only lately married her; but, with that mysterious instinct, which at once informs us of the presence of a kindred spirit, she had given her affection to my sister, with the very first impression.

The Osmanli woman is obliged to love—obliged by her native character; obliged by her unnatural position. Though possessing the highest, and the most feminine capacities of her sex, the Turkish lady is denied all future:—that, she is warned, is the reward only of her lord and master. But this dastard creed cannot blot out her soul: it cannot repress the yearning of her spirit for something holier and more affectionate than can be found in this life. Instinctively, she looks expectantly forward—but what is there? Dust and darkness: the grave, and—nothing!

From a future so terrifying as this, she must seek a present refuge, or existence would be insupportably wretched. She looks for it in the deepest, the most unselfish earthly love. Give her this, and she will try to believe herself happy ; without it, she pines daily.

She marries : and ah ! those amongst you that believe those travellers who have represented an Osmanli wife as an idle, careless creature, intent only upon the gratification of her own fancies, I would that I could picture as they deserve to be pictured—the depth, the intensity of her devotion to her husband.

But her young and gushing heart is soon chilled. She finds him so cold—so *very* cold. A lazy “Bakahloum !—we shall see :” —the while his eyes are never removed from the carpet, nor the amber mouth-piece foregone for a moment—is all his reply, alike to her suggestions, her fears, or her complaints. If ever she had been inclined to doubt the

first lessons of her inferiority, she now learns to put perfect faith in them. She can think nothing else but that he must be right when he says, she is "bosh"—nothing. For, like a good divine, he puts his precept into practice; and habit, at last, takes the force of conviction.

Thus thrown back upon herself, her hours become linked in one monotonous chain of soft and silent sadness. That—nothing else—is the proper name for the stillness—so lauded and magnified by poets—that always surrounds the Eastern wife or oda'liek. True, her laughter rings clearly through the marble halls of the harem—for she intends to fancy she is as amused and as happy as she can be; but the thoughtful ear detects in it the hollow gaiety of a sick and weary heart.

Should she have children, then, her soul centres itself in them. She loves them with a love surpassing that of mothers; for they are her all-in-all. No children are so happy, and so saucy, as those in Turkey. In the

harem, they are constantly tossed from one lady's lap to another, to be kissed, fondled, hugged, sung to, and made much of in a thousand particular ways which no one but an Eastern woman could ever dream of, till it is no wonder if they believe themselves to be very important little beings indeed. Talk to them in the house, and your answer is half word, half smile. Stop to inquire your way in the street, and the reply is accompanied by a light, but very joyous laugh, in which you hear the music of a heart that knows no sorrow. Ah ! it is a beautiful feeling, that, when memory calls up the smiling faces of Osmanli children whom you may have seen. They are one's *beau idéal* of thoroughly happy childhood.

Yasumi, however, was rather fortunate in her husband. I saw he was less particular than Osmanlis in general, and I asked the kind-hearted old gentleman about it. He explained.

When he was young, he hardly cared

that his wives should go at all beyond the gardens of his house; for he thought that "to allow a woman to shew herself in the streets, was little better than laughing at the Prophet to his beard." But, Mashal'lâh!—God be praised—he had seen his error! He believed that to make most women faithful and loving to their husbands, it was only necessary that the latter should treat them with affection, and exercise over them a mild authority. And "Inshal'lâh!—I trust in God!—my faith has not been misplaced." Here he cast an affectionate look on Yasumi; and then Yasumi kissed him, with a very wife-like fondness indeed. "I allow my wife to go wherever she lists, and to see whom she will; and never Capitan, has any sinful tale about her reached the portals of my ears. Shekier Al'lâh!—praise be to God!—I have had good wives hitherto; but Yasumi is better than they all."

So he loved Yasumi very much indeed. And to any pure heart, it was very soothing

and exalting to see Yasumi smiling her fondness in his eyes ; and to hear Mustapha softly showering upon her a profusion of flattering epithets, such as : “ Janummou—my soul ; gousum—my eyes ; khateun—darling ; helmasrou—my diamond ; gul-zarah—garden of roses ;” and so forth.

## CHAPTER X.

Splendid Reception-room in the Salem-liek—Mustapha welcomes his Visitors—His gallantry to the Author's Sister—He invites her to Smoke—An Osmanli Dinner—Addition to the Party—Man and his Mistress—Turkish Politeness—The Dining-room—Attendant Slaves—Number of Courses—Return to the Saloon—Saifula Bey—Evening Offering—The Muezzin—Hour of Prayer—Music and Song—Harem Dances—Eastern Beauty—A Lady's Dress—Modesty of the Circassian *danseuses*—Conversation with Mustapha—Woman has no Right to Think—Man the Lord of all things—Doom of Turkey—Vindication of the English—Amusements—Bed-time—Oriental Luxury.

THE apartment in the Salem-liek, in which Mustapha Effendi received us, was elegant

enough. The walls were of polished cedar. Immense mirrors, in gold mouldings, reached from the floor to the ceiling. Gorgeously festooned and folded draperies of blue and orange Damascus silk, veiled the windows and the doors. Persian carpets, of that softest pile, in which the foot sinks noiselessly, as on a bed of down, covered the floor. The most yielding cushions that ever invited to luxurious repose—cushions, whose gold and silver embroidery, and pink and yellow, and crimson flowers, shone brilliantly on the ground of pale blue satin crape—surrounded all sides of the room.

At the highest end, nearly lost among the cushions of the sofa, Mustapha Effendi reclined in an attitude of the most unstudied repose. Nergis, his oda'liek, sat on the extreme edge of the sofa to the right of him; a favourite slave occupied a similar position to the left. At the end of every ten minutes, Nergis—as by that time all the aroma of the tobacco had been imbibed—



refilled his tchibouk, of jasmin wood, and held the large amber mouth-piece to his lips. Reshedi—Mignonette—his favourite Circassian slave, at the proper intervals, took from the attendant, who presented it on her knees, the tiny finjan full of the steaming Mocha, and turning its bejewelled lip towards Mustapha, held it whilst he drank. In a corner of the room, opposite the sofa, a young Greek stood, singing wild and sometimes pretty melodies, to an accompaniment on her mandolin. At her side, two awali—dancing-girls—kept time by their graceful movements and the sweet monotony of their castanets.

The Selictar-Aga had gone in before us to announce our arrival, and also that we were on the way to the apartment in which our host sat. As we pushed aside the drapery from the door, he rose to a sitting posture, and fixed his eyes straight upon the carpet before him. Yasumi, walked on; still leading my sister by the hand. When we had ad-

vanced about one-third of the length of the room towards him, he looked up with a sweet smile, which smile did not relax until Yasumi reached the cushion; then, falling on one knee, she said:

"I bring you our friends again—my lord. Bid them welcome, from their beautiful Frangistan!"

"Sel'lâh Al'lâh! praise be to God!" said Mustapha. "Bourum—you are welcome—quite welcome. Tihat l'ahcin itt'ar gouzum—look graciously and sit, my eyes!" said he to my sister. "Nergis, move a little, and make room for the Hanoum—lady—to repose on the cushion of peace, betwixt thee and me. Gulu! speed you for my tchibouk with the coral mouth-piece, and the boudka—the bowl—of crystal and diamonds. Fill it with Smyrné tobacco, from that pouch in the furthest corner of the third drawer on the right-hand side. Light it, and take care to fit on the cover to a nicety, that none of the virtue may escape.

Tchapuk ! tchapuk !—quick ! quick !—the Hanoum waits. . Do I speak clearly ?”

“ Effendi, I cannot smoke ?” said my sister.

“ Mashal'lâh ! how any woman, or man, can live without smoking, I confess I find not in all the chambers of my brain. Does the Capitan, your brother, smoke, Hanoum ?”

“ No ; I feel thankful, no,” returned my sister.

“ Then, Gulu, you need not go. I only asked, Hanoum, so that I might give you pleasure. I thought I remembered you smoking when I saw you before. I know nought of your ways in Frangistan, but I have heard that everything there is governed by laws as true as the Muezzin, and as wise as the Koran.”

“ Trouble yourself no more, Effendim. I know your intention, and thank you for the honour,” replied Constance.

Mustapha Effendi smiled.

"I have had dinner prepared as much like that of the Franks as I could hear of. But I could get none of those cunning cooks, who, the Prophet be praised! know how to make the tail of one fish suffice for any number of eaters, and a rich and satisfying soup out of nought! A'jaib!—wonderful! Therefore, lady, I have mingled the dishes of Frangistan with preparations of our own viands. And, Inshal'lâh! these are not to be despised; and, in my opinion, far exceed any Frank cookery. I have said it!"

"We have two friends, Effendim, who would greatly like to be present at an Osmanli dinner. Will you suffer it?"

"A'jaib—wonderful! Suffer it! suffer it, did you say, Effendimmou?"

"I certainly did."

"Why did you not bid them? Let them come and welcome! My servants are theirs as long as they like to stay."

"This one evening would amply suffice them."

“Abdul! Fêrhat! speed you to the use. And, when you have found them, I say, lead them hither.”

The slaves soon returned, bringing with them Mrs. E— and her husband. There was little more conversation, and then a young Circassian came tripping in, and, falling on her knees before Mustapha, announced that dinner was ready.

“Mashal'lâh! I am told that your ways in Frangistan are peculiar,” said Mustapha, rising. “How you act, on such an occasion in England, I know not. But in Roum—Turkey—all we do is to walk into the room one after another; the men taking precedence, as it is good and seemly to do.”

“Will Madam allow me?” said Mrs. E—’s husband to my sister; at the same time presenting her his arm, with a bend as stiff and formal as his own cravat.

“Al'lâh ûkbur!—God is great!” cried Mustapha, “what am I to do?”

"Be my escort, Effendim?" said Mrs. E—, resting her arm on his rich pelisse.

"Then I will take Yasumi," I said; "with a proviso, that her husband shall not be jealous," I whispered aside.

"That I am sure he will not be!" said Yasumi, with sparkling eyes. "He has a soul purer than the light, and more loving than the daffodil for its own shadow. I love him, for he is good."

"And times are changing, even in Turkey, Hanoum."

Two slaves walked before to raise the hangings that veiled the doors, and conduct the guests to the dining-room. This was a beautiful apartment, more so than, though not so spacious as, the notable saloon of the *Hôtel des Princes*, or the yet more famous and dazzling one at the *Maison Dorée*.

Upon three silver trays, each placed on a stand eighteen inches high, the meal was to be served. Cushions of the most delicate pink and sky-blue satin, embroidered with gold

and silver, and coloured silks, were strewed around them. Beside every cushion lay two napkins of the finest white muslin, exquisitely wrought with silks and golden birds and flowers. A row of slaves, reaching from the farthest tray to the door, passed the dishes from hand to hand, up to the last one, who presented it to Yasumi, meekly kneeling on the carpet.

We all were led to a cushion, each by one of the attending slaves. The napkins were carefully spread upon our knees; warm rose-water was poured from a golden ewer, over the hands of all. Then the repast commenced, every one helping himself from the dish in the centre, by taking from any part of it that was most pleasing to his eye.

The Osmanlis are very fond of variety in their food. The number of courses at a private dinner is generally fifteen; yet it does not last so long as the like meal in England. Seldom does any one take from the same dish twice. The slaves remove them as

fast as they are done with, and put the next course upon the table. The articles composing an Osmanli dinner will be described hereafter.

"In my opinion," observed Heinrich, Mrs. E—'s husband, "something must be wanting in the nature of that man, or woman, who could be insensible to the fascinations of such a dinner as this !"

"Eat ! eat, my friends ! You are welcome," said our kind host, looking up.

"You are not enjoying your dinner, Ellen," said Constance. "We shall be too late for the Circassian dances if you do not be quick."

"We will have a dance with them, too," replied Mrs. E—.

As each person completed his repast, a slave again poured rose-water over his hands ; then led him back to the saloon. For, amongst the Osmanlis, every one retires from the table the moment he has finished, and resumes his previous occupations, unless it



be his choice to remain longer. Just as we had concluded, Mustapha's son, Saïfula Bey, came in ; he was a good looking, high-spirited, young man, of about twenty years of age. As he entered the room, he laid the customary evening-offering on a table. This no Osmanli ever omits : the present may be small ; a basket of fruits, a paper of figs, a box of scent, or even a cucumber, but he always brings something ; and to fail in this, implies that he is offended with his home ; or, if he be a married man, that he is about to put away his wife.

Scarcely had we all assembled, when it proved to be sunset. The loud deep cry of the Muezzin, calling the True Believers to prayers, came floating in through the open lattices. As the last notes of the invocation died away, Yasumi covered herself with a large robe of white muslin, then spread a little crimson prayer-carpet for her husband ; and then one for herself. She knelt down, with her face towards Mecca. Mustapha

Effendi, and the others in the room did likewise.

Slowly he stroked his bosom, and reverentially passed his hand down his beard. Then, crossing his arms upon his breast, he softly bent his body forward—almost till it touched the ground. He was absorbed—utterly absorbed in the act of devotion. Although a Christian, I could not help thinking his earnestness, his unity of spirit, beautiful.

Thrice, in the midst of the exercise, he gently raised himself, accompanying the act by three as gentle prostrations, and at each time he touched the ground with his forehead. After this, he raised his hands and eyes, and spread his open palms to heaven—a token that he wished both heart and hands washed in innocence—again stroked his beard, and rose. How saddening that so much reverence, and earnest belief should be given to a false and sensual religion !

When all had once more comfortably disposed themselves upon the cushions, troops

of massaljis\* and almé,† were brought in. The Osmanli music and songs we could have dispensed with. It is a dulcet harmony, to which "distance lends enchantment," in no ordinary degree; and when it is completely out of hearing, one is an ecstasy. But the elegant Circassian dances were very soothing. The harem-dances of the Circassian girls are the most chaste and elegant motions of which the human body is capable. Their effect is lovely—calm—beautiful. As music is the poetry of sound, so this dancing is the poetry of the body—the music of motion.

Then the Circassian dancing-girls always are remarkable for beauty and grace of person. This is no expression of common-place superlative. I have seen among them such loveliness as we image of an angel—loveliness that before one could scarcely have sup-

\* The massalji is the professional story-teller of the East. Very pretty, sometimes beautiful, and often wildly romantic are the tales she tells.

† The professional dancing-girls of the East.

posed to exist upon earth. The rich soft flaxen hair, fine as gossamer, and fastened with a wreath of flowers, pearls, and diamonds—the blue eyes so deep, so spiritual, looking back the heaven on which they gaze—the snowy whiteness of the skin, both of the face and arms—the long and classically-moulded nose—the exquisitely-chiselled head—the flowing forehead—the faultless features ; so womanly, too—the noble habitual smile—all are elements of an idealised beauty, which we might look for amongst Europeans in vain.

He who would behold the loveliness and glory to which the human form can give expression, must visit the East, or the desire of his soul never will be satisfied. Nor are the pretty muslin or satin trousers—the short silken petticoat flashing with jewels and gold, and embroidery—the pink, blue, or green, and white turban, that most poetical of head dresses, spangled with flowers, or golden crescents, and little pale stars, blue, purple, yellow—the fairy slippered feet—neither are

any of these a detraction from the portrait. To the simple harmony of the tambourine or castanets, which she holds in her hand, the Circassian girl goes through her dance. Nothing in motion could be more graceful. Her pink or golden slippered little foot, falls to the earth noiseless as a sunbeam. Like a fairy, she glides about ; like a being floating on air. And every movement is slow, salient, calm, as a feeling of whatever is pure, and gentle, and beautiful.

Many of her dances, too, are emblematic. The expression of child-like joy with which she welcomes the slave who informs her that her husband purposes to visit the harem ; the elegance with which she bids the Aga answer that she will be happy to receive him ; the humility with which she approaches her lord, as he flings aside the tapestry that hangs over the door of the apartment, and then falling on one knee before him, buries her pretty head in her hands, till he bids her rise—it is so real, so touching, so beautiful.

And then she is so feminine, so chaste, in all her movements. You may look on her, without the most distant fear that she will do anything unmaidenly. There are none of those offensive attitudes imported with the dances from France or Italy. There is nothing of the showman, "See how many wonderful things I can do!" No standing on the points of her toes; no leaping across the room in a couple of bounds; no disgraceful pandering to the lowest feelings, by whirling around in emulation of a whipping-top; or in flinging her limbs about in attitudes that no pure-minded man or woman can look on, without a feeling of disgust and shame.

It is not surprising that professional dancers in Europe receive such enormous salaries. The people who like them, judge rightly when they think that—if woman can be prevailed upon to lay aside her native modesty, and all those holy attributes which constitute her charm and her power, and exhibit herself in such indelicate clothing and movements as

the ballet requires, she ought to be well paid for it.

\* \* \* \*

"Salam Aleikoum helmasmou!—Peace be with you, my diamonds!" said Mustapha, as Yasumi and my sister approached the cushion where he sat talking to Nergis, and smoking a tchibouk, whilst a slave fanned him.

Yasumi and her friend had been occupying themselves in listening to the story of a massalji, at the far end of the room.

"Keef seniz éné?—is your humour good?" asked he.

"Guzel der—it is good," returned she. "May that of my lord remain so likewise!"

"Ittar, jainums!—sit, my souls!" resumed he, pointing Yasumi to a place on one side of him, and my sister to a seat on the other.

"I have come to talk to you," said the

latter, "to ask questions, and get much information."

"Eshedduan, kadeun mou—say on, my lady," replied he. "Mashal'lâh!—praise be to Allah! should I not be an ass, and the father of asses, if I could do other than listen attentively to aught that such a pearl as yourself wishes to say, though your tale lasted till dawn brings back the light?"

"You are very kind," said my sister.

"Not more than is seemly," replied he. "But why talk I? What I say, I say. Proceed, lady, with pouring the water of communication into my ears, for I begin to feel impatient. Your tongue always charms me more than the notes of the theorbo, or mandolin. Your voice is sweeter than that of the bulbul of Paradise; your words are truer than the Muezzin; and your thoughts are chosen more beautifully than the precepts of the Koran."

And Mustapha sought a more comfortable



position; quite overcome by gallantry and expectation.

"The chambers of my brain are empty, guzum, till you shall please to bid them be occupied."

"Supposing an Osmanli woman were to think—" began my sister.

"Mashal'lâh l'" interrupted Mustapha, "a woman has no right to think, without the permission of her husband. The man is lord and master of all things—his wife included. But, in the case of a woman, it is different: she is 'bosh'—nothing—and has neither will nor existence of her own. She is made only to please her husband, lady."

"Why, Effendim, I thought you allowed your wife nearly as much privilege as the people of Frangistan."

"I allow my wife all things, lady, if she goes not against my will in her desires. But I must claim my right, as the man and the husband."

"I see," replied my sister. "Well, as this appears to be more dangerous ground than I supposed, let us take up a more convenient theme. What, think you, will be the issue of our present struggle?"

"Victory! A glorious victory, for the present. But, mark me, Turkey is doomed!"

"How mean you, Effendim?" asked she.

"That her independent existence is passing away. She is, as I said, sapped, weakened, unstrung—doomed. And, what is worse, lady, her foes have always been they of her own household. The Padishah—(sovereign)—is a good man; but corruption, venality, effeminacy have taken too deep a hold ever to be rooted out, as things go now. It is spoken."

"Proceed."

"Al'lâh ûkbur!—God is great!—There is little more to say, lady. We shall fall into the hands of some stronger power than our-

selves. Inshal'lâh ! I trust in Al'lâh, that power will be England !”

“Do you, then, like England, Monseigneur ?”

“There was a time I did not; but I do, now that I know Englishmen better. I like the English, individually; but I do not like your policy, as a nation. Its forefront is selfishness—expediency. You seem to care for nothing and nobody, if your own caïque sails well. Nay, more still: I would say, you would press down your neighbour's vessel, that yours might swim the better. I have spoken !”

My sister was moved on behalf of our national honour; and which she eloquently vindicated from the above aspersion, with all that spirit, enthusiasm, and love of country, and of home, for which English ladies are so proverbial; and concluded by observing: “Depend upon it, Effendi, that, but for her praiseworthy emulation, and her pressing foremost in the race with other nations, Eng-

land never would have achieved the present unrivalled supremacy which she enjoys in every part of the globe."

"Thank you, Hanoum," said the kind-hearted old Mussulmâun, as she finished speaking. "I did not see things in the light that you have explained them. But, the truth is, we know so little here of Frangistan, that you must forgive me if I have formed an opinion too hastily."

The sipping of coffee proceeded, the dances were kept up in full spirit, the music continued, and the massaljis still kept us laughing by their tales. Then the hour for repose came on; and all the household was hushed in sleep. Our beds were formed in the Osmanli fashion of cushions of orange-coloured silk, embroidered with gold, and filled with the softest down. Over us was lightly drawn a sheet of blue silk gauze, brilliantly marked by crimson stripes, and a coverlet of pale violet silk, worked with azure and golden flowers. Everything

was made of the richest materials; and the beautiful silk gauze, airy as the rainbow, spiritual as an Italian summer-cloud, claimed our especial admiration of its truly Oriental luxury and magnificence.

## CHAPTER XI.

A Midnight Visit to St. Sophia—Courtesy of — Bey—The Author's Friend, Mrs. E—, determines to accompany him—She assumes male attire for this purpose—A Kahvé, or Coffee-House described—An Eastern Barber—Inebriating quality of Coffee—Abd-ul, the One-Eyed—Perfect Disguise—Osmanli Curiosity—An Ideal beauty.

I WAS determined not to leave Stamboul without seeing the interior of St. Sophia during prayer-time. I expressed my wish to — Bey, who was related to our host. He assured me there would be not the least difficulty in my own case. But in the same

breath, our friend, Mrs. E—, who was present, said she felt a desire to go also.

“You! a woman!” said I. “It cannot be. Why, you know you would be murdered; or, at the very least, imprisoned.”

“A’ha!” cried our young friend; and he laughed a genuine, high-spirited laugh, not at all like the stiff, solemn chuckle of a True Believer. “Has the Hanoum courage for adventure?”

“Anything!” exclaimed she. “I would risk anything for a little excitement. The more romantic and perilous the enterprise, the better I shall like it. I have been worn almost to death with *ennui* and insipidity lately.”

“Mashal’lâh!—praise be to Allah! then we will go this evening. You must adopt a disguise, lady. Nothing but a man’s dress will save you, if you make the attempt.”

“The very thing,” returned she. “But say—where shall I get it?”

"Leave that to me. Inshal'lâh! but it will be a new thing for a woman to be present, at the hour of prayer, in St. Sophia."

"So much the better. I like new sensations!"

—— Bey and I conversed together. It was quite clear that Mrs. E—'s pale, womanly, intellectual face, would hardly be surely disguised, even though she wore male attire.

"The fez could be drawn low down upon her eyes," I suggested.

"Hardly enough—hardly enough!" said —— Bey. "No, Effendim, we must get a beard for the Hanoum. Mashal'lâh! and to do so, will be no great matter. Gel! gia d'ul ehim!—come! let us go!"

My companion led the way, and we sallied forth into the street.

In England, when you speak of a coffee-house, you mean a place where you are supplied with a decoction of roasted horse-beans



and chicory. In Turkey, when you speak of a *kahvé*, you mean the place where you go to drink coffee and be shaved. And, as well as coffee and a *tchibouk*, or *hosh-aub*, the *tahbé*, or attendant, will, if you are hungry, supply you with a dish of the national pillaf: or even a beef-steak—a “beefy-steaky,” as he may perhaps say after you, proud to let you see he knows its English name—in the form of *kébab*; or roasted whole, and served up with *ukbék*—bread—and cucumbers. If you like, you may take your meal in the very beautiful gardens that are attached to most of the *kahvés*; the while your ears are refreshed by the singing of birds, the murmuring of fountains, the strains of musicians, or the entertaining stories of the *massaljís*, brought thither to amuse the visitors to the *kahvé*.

Moreover, in Stamboul, where newspapers are even still uncommon, the *kahvé* is the regular lounge for all ranks and conditions of men. And, if you are in search of a lazy

Osmanli, you may be almost certain of finding him :—

*“Vacuam tonsoris ad umbram,*

*Cultello proprio purgantem leniter unguēs.”*

The kahvés are exceedingly numerous in all parts of Stamboul. They are, in fact, the club-houses, where politics are discussed, and cliques of every grade meet to talk over and settle all the affairs of the nation. Not long ago, the only Bourse at Constantinople was a coffee-house at Kour-Tchesme-Hazar, in Galata. It is but lately that a regular exchange has been built.

The barber of the East is also—like his fellow Figaro in England—the recognised collector of all trumpery news and private scandal. Not a mishap happens to a family, not a new slave can be purchased, not an oda’liek have her flirtation discovered, but he knows—and tells—all about it.

On entering the coffee-shop, you find a raised sofa, occupying three sides of the room. A tabbé, or attendant, immediately

invites you to be seated, and supplies you with coffee and a tchibouk. The coffee is taken without either milk or sugar; for the latter, the Osmanlis find so little use, that they appear to have no word for it in their language. Their name, shuk-kar is very like a corruption of our sugar. The beverage is served in small finjans—cups—which are placed to stand in a zarf;—a little reservoir like an egg-cup, made of gold, or silver filagree.

It is not every one that will subscribe to Lord Byron's opinion of the Turkish mode of making coffee.

“ And Mocha's berry from Arabia pure,

In small, fine china cups came in at last ;

Gold cups of filagree made to secure

The hand from burning underneath them placed ;

Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron, too, were boil'd

Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoiled.

I rather incline to the opposite view. The coffee they manufacture you has a particularly smooth soft taste, which much disguises its

great strength—and if you are a novice, will likely cost you a surprise. I shall always remember the first time I drank coffee as mingled and presented, in proper Oriental fashion, by a very quiet, pretty, and guileless young lady, in the first Turkish family that I ever entered. Entirely unaware it could be near so exhilarating as the reality proved, and being languid, for the day was very hot, I took of it more than is usual, except with men of much stronger constitution than I have to boast. My fair attendant looked wonderingly, but made no remonstrance. In about half an hour, I began to feel the exhilarating effects of the berry in a degree beyond pleasant:—a strangely light and airy feeling, accompanied by such a sense of burning, and such a parched skin, as marks intense fever. But the exhaustion which shortly followed the outrageous stimulus, was for a while perfect wretchedness.

My friend led the way to the house of

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Abd-ul, the one-eyed; who, albeit he was minus the dexter orbit, was yet one of the most expert barbers in Stamboul. So dextrous, indeed, were his manipulations of the bald skulls of the Osmanlis, that each True Believer rose from the blade rather with regret than otherwise; and almost wished that, like Gargantua in Rabelais, he had ten heads.

"Keim bu?—who is that?" said Abd-ul the one-eyed; looking up from a drawer of perfumes and essences that he was arranging as my friend entered the kahvé, with the free and easy air of an Osmanli gentleman and coxcomb.

"—Bey!" was the terse reply.

"Sabah il keir!—the top of the day to you!" was the rejoinder. "Gel sen salamat tchelibi?—come you in peace, sir?"

"Salamat der—in peace," replied my friend. "I come to you, Abd-ul, as to a master in your art and calling. The fame of your skill is told in every wind that fans the

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fair bosom of the Three Seas ; and your essences are sweeter than the breath of the Houris of Paradise."

"Ne biliram ? What can I say ?" was the reply of the flattered Abd-ul, the one-eyed. "My lord's words are chosen, more beautifully than the precepts of the Koran ; and his thoughts raise the weary feet from the earth, and make the crown of the head touch the cupola of the seventh heaven. Anything within the compass of my art, he has but to name ; and it is done."

"'Tis no hard task I would require of thee. I would have a disguise so perfect, Effendim, that the Houri appointed to receive my soul on its passing into the gates of Korkam—Paradise—shall not know her own. Do I speak clearly ?"

"Quite clearly," returned Abd-ul. "I have wigs and moustaches of all tints—orange, red, green : and beards of the like hues."

"I will have none of those. Get me the light golden beard of a young and fair man.

Let it be long and flourishing, and its curls more beautiful than the tendrils of the vine. Are my thoughts spoken?"

"Spoken!" rejoined Abd-ul, opening a drawer. "Here is the thing agam—my lord—that will fit you to a nicety. It is soft as a lily-leaf, glossy as a sunbeam, and golden as the evening sky. How say you, tchelibis?"

"Inshal'lâh! I trust in God," said my friend, as he laid the beard along upon his hand, and stroked the silken curls from the roots to the end. "Inshal'lâh! but it will be no hard matter to feign the required thing with these ornaments; or I am out in my reckoning for this, the first time in my life." And he suspended the curly treasure to his chin.

"Al'lâh ûkbur! God is great!" cried Ab-dul, raising his hands in astonishment. "The metamorphosis is perfect. Not even the Ukbur Hanoum, your mother—may her face never be wrinkled, nor her children eat dirt!—would know her own son now again."

"What shall I give thee for the trinket?" asked —— Bey.

"The price is a purse," said Abd-ul, quietly.

"There it is then," returned the other. "And now let us part like good Muslems in peace."

"Whose Houri are you going to run off with, Effendim?" asked Abd-ul the one-eyed. "For that there is a woman in the matter, I am too old an Osmanli to doubt."

"You might have saved your breath and your words, tchelibis," replied —— Bey, emphatically. "Do you take me for a papas, willing to barter myself, soul and body, for a bag of pitiful piastres? And should I not be as witless as a dromedary—should I not, I say, be an ass, and the father of asses, thus to bring my love to nought, and the neck of my Houri to the bow-string? Ma-shal'lâh! should I be able to do such a thing, hanging were too good for me, and drowning too merciful. I have said it!"



“Yavash ! yavash !—softly ! softly !” said Abd-ul. “My share in the affair may defile the grave of my father—and make me to eat dirt—and cram my nostrils with ashes—”

“Keor ku'ma !—fear not !” interposed the other, decidedly. “I will peril neither your neck nor my own beard. But what I say, I say. I will not tell thee who is my Hourî, nor when she will fly away with me like a nightingale from the harem of her husband. I am going !”

“Is she beautiful ?” persisted Abd-ul.

“Shekier Al'lâh !—praise be to God !—you would call her so, if she stood before you. Her voice is sweeter than the bulbul's in the gardens of Nishapore ; her face is fairer than the daylight ; her smile is brighter than the sunshine of Paradise ; her eyes are like stars, her hands like pearls, her blush like the morning ; and her kiss is softer than the rose ! I have spoken, tchelibis ! Stay me no longer !”

“Will you not take with me a dish of coffee and a tchibouk before you depart? Gel, tchelebis—come, Sir—let us rest awhile on the cushion of content, and fold our feet on the carpet of peace ; and then you shall go.”

“Nay, I tell thee I will not be delayed. Even now my Sultana waits my return. The sun is setting. I shall be too late, I say. Salam Aleikoum !” And, pulling me by the sleeve, he hurried away.

## CHAPTER XII.

Osmanli Costume — Tchibouk, or Pipe, and Cloak-Bearers—Notes of the Muezzin—The Invocation to Prayer—Entrance to the Mosque of St. Sophia—Begging Saints—Splendour of the Interior—The Sacred Doves—Muslem Salutations—Return Home.

WE reached home. It was decided that the attempt might prove successful at the sunset-prayer ; but that, after all, the risk of discovery whilst passing through the streets to the mosque was a great one, even amidst the sad and softened lights of twilight. So it was agreed, on all hands, to defer the execution of the scheme till midnight ; which

as Bairam, or days of Feasting, were now celebrating, could be done.

Ten o'clock came, and Mrs. E—, in high glee, commenced her toilette. Not a fear pressed her, although, should she be discovered, there was scarcely a chance that she would not be cut in pieces on the spot. She drew on a pair of the genuine Osmanli baggy trousers, and encased her feet in yellow slippers. Then she put on the loose jacket, and girded round her waist a beautiful handjar, whose handle was a perfect blaze of jaspers and diamonds. The beard and moustache were skilfully fastened about her lips and chin. A lovely muslin turban was wound in voluminous folds around her temples, and a rich pelisse was flung upon her shoulders.

"Mashal'lâh!" cried — Bey, as she stepped full-dressed into the apartment; "did I not know who you are, I would swear, upon the Prophet's Beard, that you are an Osmanli. I will not weary you

with words, for the disguise is perfect, Hanoum."

"But how is the walk?" said Mrs. E—, stepping across the room with the most genuine True Believers' gait imaginable.

"Taibin!—well!" was the response.

Of course, the reader has already supposed that, as this visit both in time and circumstance was entirely contraband, I was under the necessity of adopting the Osmanli costume, also. This was easily done. Our friend was ready. We set forth. Two servants went before, each holding a lantern; a black, a tchibouk-bashi, or pipe-bearer, and two chokadars, or cloak-bearers, followed in our rear.

The loud melancholy recitative of the Muezzin rang forth from the minaret. The deep searching notes, the still night, our adventurous intention—all produced a strange mingling of sensations, such as could never be forgotten. Some were wild, others softly pleasant, and many sad.

And the invocation is not, as many suppose, about one short sentence, quickly got through. But it is long, solemn, mournful:

“Al'lâh ûkbur! Al'lâh ûkbur! Eshedduân, lah il'lâh el l'Al'lâh, eshedduânim! Muhammed il resoul Al'lâh! Annahâdim fel'lâh! annahâdim sel'lâh! Al'lâh ûkbur! Al'lâh ûkbur! Lah ûkbur! Lah il'lâh el il l'Al'lâh!”

God is great! God is great! I bear witness there is no god but God, oh True Believers! and Muhammed is the prophet of God! Come to the asylum of prayer! come to the asylum of salvation! God is great! God is great! Most high God! There is no god but God!

“Now, mark well,” I whispered aside, to Mrs. E—. “In a minute more, we shall be in the entrance to the mosque. The safety of us all depends exactly upon your self-reliance.”

“You shall see,” replied she. It was enough.

The servants fell on one knee to take off our shoes ; we obeyed without a sound, and in another moment, had entered the mosque—or, rather the peristyle. Here, on the soft matting, servants squatted, waiting for their masters within the mosque ; and beggars had huddled themselves, to solicit alms of the Faithful. One of them wore the high felt hat, and blue tunic, which proclaimed him to be a dervish. These saints one often meets in Stamboul. Many of them have been made insane by their religious studies ; but it is a moping, harmless, madness. They never wash themselves ; the hair of their head and beard is matted with filth ; their clothes are in tatters, and swarming with vermin, to an extent that renders it absolutely necessary you should gather in your clothes, lest you might catch them as you pass. But no pious old Osmanli ever passes these pitiable objects, without dropping a para, or a piastre, into their little dish.

Our servants pushed aside the drapery that veiled the door; and never, no never! could be forgotten the thrill of that moment, as the light first blazed out upon us, and we saw the Muslims, kneeling—some with their foreheads touching the ground, others making their prostrations. We stepped within; the curtains fell behind us. A group of Osmanlis, in front of us, turned a little, and looked upon us narrowly; then, again gave their attention to the service.

We turned our eyes upwards to the endlessly-varied devices made of coloured lamps, that circled that mighty dome, and were hung from the roof. We tried to penetrate the vast depths, where walls, pillars, turbans—all seemed lost in a sea of effulgence. We gazed on the infinite varieties and splendour of many of the dresses; upon the flashing gems, the glowing lattices, the Imam, prostrating himself to the wild cry of the choirs; and, last of all, once more upon that



wondrous height, and that lofty dome, bathed in unsubstantial starry light.

As we yet looked upwards, three doves, which the sounds had disturbed, flew from one side of the building to the other. The effect on paper may seem trifling; but no one, except a person present at St. Sophia on such a midnight, could tell how thrilling it was. Doves are held sacred by Mussulmauns; and they are, therefore, very numerous in all the mosques.

“Giadulēm; let us go!” I whispered to — Bey. He nodded in the affirmative. But, as we faced about, we saw a stately old Osmanli, who was just entering. He knew — Bey, and our friend knew him.

“Inshal'lâh!” cried our friend; “gel! — come.”

And he quickly turned, and led the way along the flower-soft carpet, to the higher end of the mosque. Here was a door, through which we passed into the street.

“Shekier Al'lâh!” cried our conductor.

"Had he seen us, he would have spoken. I should have been obliged to tell him your names. He would have saluted you in the name of the Prophet; and—"

We drew a long and audible breath, in the midst of which — Bey stopped: for he rightly judged our own imagination could fill up the hiatus, without any help from himself. What did either I or Mrs. E— know about behaving properly, and answering properly, to any Muslem salutation that might happen to us? If he had said: "Salam Aleikoum!" we both could reply, and even have gone through the usual ceremony. But oh! if he had said: "Saba il Korkam sen! — the summit of Paradise to you!" in what language, except her own English, could she have replied: "The same to you!"

"But I trust my ready wit would not even then have deserted me," resumed our friend. "I should have uttered a hasty ejaculation that it was time to commence prayer, and

then have hurried you to your knees amongst the True Believers !”

“ But tchelebis ! what could we have done ?”

“ Imitate me, as if your lives depended on your not making a single blunder ! Mash-al'lâh ! and it would have been no more than a just comparison. Not that I would have kept you long, however. At the first pause in the prostrations, we would have made our escape.”

“ We will go home, now,” said Ellen.

“ Let us see, Suleimanie, or Sultan Achmed,” said — Bey.

“ Not for worlds would I subject you to further peril,” returned she. “ I do not fear so much for myself ; but, had I known the hazard to which I put you, I certainly would never have done as much as I have. Come, now. We have seen enough : St. Sophia, by lamplight ; the Faithful at prayer. I am satisfied.”

“ As you will, lady.”

The attendants put our slippers on once more. A few minutes, and we were at home ; where we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at the success of our adventure.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The Author's House at Geurk-Sou—Visit from Yasumi—  
An Osmanli Lady's Sympathies—The English Character  
—Condition of Women in Turkey—The Feraji and the  
Yashmak—Selfish Creed of the Muslem—The Con-  
scription—Mode of Recruiting the Army—A Harrow-  
ing Picture—Female Sympathy for the Oppressed—  
Trust in Providence—The Steamer and its Freight of  
Broken Hearts.

OUR friend, Mrs. T—, had taken for us a pretty house on the Asiatic side, and near Geurk-Sou, the Asiatic Sweet Waters. It, and the views from it, were singularly lovely. In the gardens we had limes, and planes, palmar-christi, and orangeries, fountains, and the

most beautiful flowers of the East. Mrs. T—resided with us ; so, also, did Mrs. E—, and her husband. There was M. Céleste, too, a physician ; for Mr. E— rejoiced in a host of small complaints ; and M. Céleste's imagination was most unfailingly fertile in discovering diseases, which really had no existence, and in mingling soothing draughts, for which there was not the least necessity.

Our friend, Yasumi, early redeemed her promise of paying us a visit at home. She was a loving young creature. In my sister she had found the greatest of all earthly joys—a kindred soul. So, whilst we stayed, they were never better satisfied than when they could obtain the companionship of each other. And Yasumi, though she understood French but imperfectly, yet knew sufficient of the language to keep up an animated conversation—ekeing out the hardest part of her meaning by disconnected words and gesture.

“What a glorious land !” said my sister

to Yasumi, as she led her to a seat in the orangery; whence they had an uninterrupted view of the setting sun, the winding waters, covered with dancing caiques—the ringing laughter of whose occupants reached the spot where they sat. They could see, too, the Valley of the Sweet Waters, the giant mountain of Olympus, and the hills of Asia, gradually lessening in the distance.

“How dreadful!” she resumed, “that men, surrounded by such beauty, and such wondrous loveliness and calm, can find it in their heart to war upon, and slay each other!”

“And delightful—how very delightful—it must be to live in your own sweet land; where there is no fighting!” replied Yasumi. “I have heard, too, that in your country everybody is loved. That, I believed to be the reason why Al'lâh was so gracious to it.”

“You think too well of us. Indeed, there

are no people so good as you have imagined the English to be."

"Are you not happy, then? Your words seem so strange—they make me sad. You can hardly know how much I have loved to think of England. I thought the men there were like gods, and the women angels; and that all who lived there were happy as in the first paradise. I wanted to see your country. I wanted to be an Englishwoman, if they thought me good enough to be with them. I love your land for your sake."

"You are very kind;" and she kissed Yasumi, and drew a corner of her feraji\* around her neck.

\* The feraji is the cloak, which an Osmanli lady throws on, whenever she goes abroad. Made of the finest cloth, or Thibet, it is, in colour, generally rose, a light and exquisitely beautiful pink, or, a soft green. And with the yashmak, the large flowing schalwar, trousers of dove-coloured silk, and the yellow or pink slippers brocaded with gold, forms the prettiest and the most picturesque costume, worn by women, in the world.

The yashmak is now so well understood, as



"I thought England so beautiful—not like what you say," returned Yasumi. "Are the women happy there? We are so sad—so

scarcely to need describing to one person in a hundred. It is a long piece of the finest India muslin—the whole weighs only the tenth of an ounce—bound up at the back of the head with bodkins, hair-plats, flower-sprays, and precious gems; brought across the forehead as low as the eyes, and then again passed round beneath them, to cover the whole lower part of the face. The effect is a misty secret loveliness like that which we image of a spirit. And though, to a matter-of-fact person like myself, this beautiful spirit is only a Turkish woman in her yashmak and feraji, it has a dreadfully perilous influence on the romantic. Would such a gentleman but be good enough to notice the same young lady half an hour afterwards, lounging on a heap of cushions at Geurk-Sou, or Kaihat-Hané—the Asiatic or European Sweet Waters—champing away at cucumber, as if she were devouring an apple, happily unconscious of the use of knives—or picking a turbot to a skeleton—now and then, the while condescending to suck her dainty fingers—he would feel his nerves as greatly tried the other way.

- weary-hearted here ; that the idea of death is quite pleasant to us. I like to go into the cemetery, and think I shall soon lie quietly there among those happy ones. Husbands love their wives in your country—do they not ? I have been told they do.”

“Sometimes they are very kind,” replied my sister. “But women in England are not often loved as they would like to be. Englishmen, my sweet friend, are among the proudest people on earth. They love getting money, and spending it in making a fine show, more than they do all other things put together. And nothing kills affection so fast as engrossing the heart in a maddening pursuit after the opinions of others. There is a thing, among many, that I like in you, Osmanlis:—you have the wisdom to believe your own importance—to see that forming your own opinion of yourself, or your happiness, is much more satisfactory than allowing other people to think for you.”

"I sometimes wonder why women were made so weak and helpless," pursued Yasumi, in a tone yet sadder. "It seems no one thinks them worth loving. And yet, how fearfully we love! How careful we are! How our husband seems all in all—even our very self! It sometimes quite frightens me when I feel what I do; and yet have no one near me that I dare love. It breaks my heart, khateun—darling."

"But there is One who asks for that love which man disdains," returned her friend. "Our Father who is in Heaven," and she pointed to the sky.

"Whom do you mean? Al'lâh?"

"Yes. The God, of whom this soul we have, that so yearns for affection, is an image," returned my sister.

"Inshal'lâh! But God does not care for women!" exclaimed Yasumi.

"Precisely the same as for men," replied her friend.

"Mashal'lâh! why men are taken to Paradise!"

"And women, also, my love. You have been educated in the dark and selfish faith of the Muslem. I am a Christian, and know there is a Heaven for all who will accept it—be they men or women."

"Al'lâh kierim !—Allah is merciful !" said Yasumi, with a sad thoughtfulness, and clasping her long white hands. "I never heard this before. My husband says I have no soul !"

"But you have ; one that God wants to make happy, if you are willing."

"Inshal'lâh ! I should like to !" said Yasumi, looking in my sister's face with child-like innocence.

"He will, then. The only conditions are, that you shall love Him ; and He will support you through all the suffering of this life, and at last reward you with 'a crown of joy that fadeth not away.'"

Yasumi was about to reply—but a sound of wailing came along a vista in the orange-trees. Both ladies listened. It was mingled

with a noise of abuse and bitter imprecations. Yasumi turned pale.

“It is the conscription !” she said. “Oh ! how terrible is such trouble as I have seen. Al’lâh help us ! this world seems nearly united to the horrid caverns of Eblis !”

An impulse such as neither Yasumi nor my sister could control or explain, caused them both to rise from their seats, and bend their steps in the direction whence the lamentations proceeded. They passed out of the orangery, and along the edge of the basin, to the great ornamented gates at its extremity ; here was the road that led from the Bosphorus. My sister now saw the first act in the tragedy ; now she took her first lesson in the terrible cruelties of war.

Gathered in knots by the road-side, awaiting the arrival of the steamer that was to convey them to Stamboul, were from five to six hundred men. All of them had that day been torn from their household gods, and all those nearest and dearest to them,

to be taken to the barrack, and turned into soldiers. The laws of Turkey allow this mode of recruiting her armies. Should enough volunteers to make them up, come forward, it is well. If not, a detachment of cavalry is sent off to the villages; these take just whom it pleases them to believe is eligible.

Mrs. Stowe says slavery is worse than hanging. True. And there is one thing, and only one thing, on earth, that is worse than slavery:—the fate of that man who, no matter how loving, how gentle, in himself, is compelled either to kill, or to be killed.

The men were hungry and faint, and panting like worn-out beasts, from the heat and rapid marching. For it will not do to be tired. They are tied in droves to the stirrup-irons of the horsemen; and ever and anon the spurs are used, forcing them into a trot, to the utmost length that they can bear. Each man's hands are fastened, either

with a rope behind, or by handcuffs in front. And Eastern handcuffs are of very primitive construction; consisting just of two boards, with holes for the wrists about ten inches a-part, clasped together after the fashion of our time-honoured stocks, in village churchyards.

Around and about, and on every hand, rose voices of weeping and wailing. For many had been followed all day by their dearest connections, determined to take "one last fond look," ere the embarkation, and they were separated—most likely for ever!

Here, the mother presented the helpless infant of a year old to its father's lips. He stooped to kiss it again and again; and, although he was a soldier, tears ran down his olive cheeks upon the brow of his babe, that lay so calmly in its mother's arms. Its mother's arms, I said: the father could not take it in his own, poor soul! That power was denied him; for his wrists were fastened behind!

There, the young wife was pouring out her anguish, and frantically clinging to her husband's neck. He tried to console her, to lead her to hope for his speedy return. But he looked on the fair and fragile creature—for even poor men's wives are very beautiful and very delicate—and the words stuck in his throat.

Yonder, again, an aged mother stood wringing her hands, by the side of her only son—her sole staff in this world. Now, it was broken in twain; and her bright-eyed, noble boy would never see his mother more. For, should Russian bullets spare him, grief and want would have made sure work with herself, long before he could rejoin her.

Next to him, a girl of about ten years, who had followed her father with a can of water, to refresh him on the way, was offering it to him to drink. He scarcely could do so, for choking, as he looked the last upon his delicate child; and something within him whispered he should never look on her fac



again. And scalding tears trickled down, mingling their bitterness with his drink.

Only a faint image this of the heart-break and sighs that arose to God on every hand. The men looked up to heaven: the blue sky shone down on their wretchedness, with the same calm and the same golden beauty they had seen the evening before—a calmness that seemed almost mockery, from its utter want of sympathy with their misery. The pale and lovely stars came out, one by one, from the far depths, and gazed tranquilly down upon their beautiful image in the waters of the fountain, just as they had always done: there was no sound there! Let the poor wronged ones have patience!

My sister wept; so did Yasumi: tears alone could accord with such a scene. They went round amongst the ranks, with water, and milk, and food, which the servants had brought at their direction. Many and bitter were the tales of distress they were told.

"Lady,"\* said one, "I am not afraid of death; I love my country well. But—but—there is my grief—there!" He pointed to a fair young creature of sixteen, who sat by his side, her head resting on his shoulder; and weeping bitterly with her face buried in the folds of her feraji.

"God be praised there is a better land than this! There is a world of love and calm to come—heaven!" said my sister, clasping her hands fervently. "If it was not for that faith, dear Yasumi, I could not live here, and see such things as are always happening."

"Al'lâh is merciful!" said Yasumi, in a voice trembling with emotion.

\* I think it worthy of remark—the more so as it explains my using this word—that even those Turks who speak English well, can seldom be taught to say either Madam, or our abbreviation, Ma'am. You will notice an Osmanli nearly always address an English-woman thus: "Come, lady," "If you please, lady," &c. It probably arises from their own women being all addressed as "ladies:" as Fatima; Hanoum; Heyminé; and so forth:—Hanoum signifying, lady.

"Rise, rise, dear young creature," said my ister, going to the weeping wife, and assisting her. "Though any attempt to console such affliction as yours would rather seem an impertinent—a cruel mockery. I can only pray God to bless you, and help you, and comfort you much!"

"Al'lâh! Al'lâh! Al'lâh!" sobbed the poor stricken thing. "Oh, lady! they shall never tear me from my husband, but in pieces!"

But why attempt to paint that parting? with its tears, its groans, its anguish? It is a thing that in this cruel earth happens almost daily. Enough that it is registered on the solemn roll of eternity and retribution: for the infliction of suffering, is a law more certain than that by which the sun at morning rises in the east, and, at evening, sets in the west.

The steamer came surging and heaving alongside, like some unwieldy Leviathan. Blows and imprecations were showered indis-

criminally on men and women; especially such as lingered most, ere parting from those they loved. A short time, and all had passed on to the deck. With a heavy groan—as if the very inanimate machinery protested against its share in the cruel work of separating so many human beings—and then a lumbering roll, the steamer turned, and bore away its freight of broken hearts in the direction of the barrack.

## CHAPTER XIV..

Visit to Azmi Pasha—The British Troops—Truth *versus* Peace—The Palace of Azmi Pasha—Love of the Osmanlis for the Bosphorus—The Beauty of their Gardens—The Hanging Body—Love of the Osmanlis for the English—The principal Saloon—Ceremonious Reception—A Thought on Slavery—Osmanli Courtesy.

A DAY had been appointed for our visit to Azmi Pasha, father of Heyminé Hanoum. We obeyed the kind invitation that we had received from him, with the greater pleasure, because he and his family were on the most loving terms with our friend Mustapha Effendi and his family.

Two hours before the time that had been

fixed, we set out; traversing the scented meadows, and a portion of the beautiful valley of the Sweet Waters. Again we turned, and passed before the barrack, as we had heard that several detachments of English soldiers were that morning to embark for the Crimea. We stopped to look at those glorious men; sorrow they might feel, for they had left their land, their home, their most sacred loves behind; but all carried "Conquer or die" on their very faces.

"Let us go on to our caïque," said my sister, when we had looked but a few moments. "I cannot bear my thoughts longer—I cannot bear to think of those beautiful bosoms now beating high, and full, with love, and all the great emotions of the human heart, being rent by shell, or torn by the horrid bayonet. Come!"

"Well," said Mrs. E——, as she followed, "it is all very dreadful, certainly. But I know not, if—except that being more noisy, it seems more real—it is worse than

the conflict that rages around us every day. We all kill; from the tyrannising husband, or the harsh mother, down to the desolating conqueror, who—like that miserable wretch I have read of,—wishes all mankind had but one neck, so he might sever it at a stroke. Talk of human kindness! human sympathies! I am sick. We all are at war with each other; we all hate each other in our inmost hearts, veil it as we may under a finer name. The man that in the eloquence of the hustings, or muddled by a proud sense of his superior holiness, declaims with all his might against drawing the sword, would yet clothe himself in the ‘purple and fine linen,’ every thread of which is stained by the very soul’s blood of the under-paid and over-worked artisan and his children; and interwoven with the tears of the widow and the fatherless for bread, which God has given, but which the man of peace, with a villanous impiety, has kept sealed up in his granaries, that so he might force a yet higher

rise on the famine prices of the market. No, Mrs. ——. I am an atheist in what is called humanity. I see that everywhere the battle is not of justice against injustice, but of the strong against the weak; that money is the true lever with which Archimedes said he could move the world. Of the two, I prefer, even to admiration, the honesty and spirit of the man who cuts throats openly, in a way of business, before him who murders his fellows by instalments, and all the time is preaching: 'Peace and good will to men!'

The palace of Azmi Pasha was very beautiful, both without and within; and filled a situation quite in accord with its elaborate architecture, and the loveliness of its gardens. It occupied a gentle slope that bordered the Bosphorus, to which it almost reached. To those who have never seen Turkey, it may appear remarkable that, in speaking of the mansions of the Turkish nobility, we generally have to describe them as "on the banks of the Bosphorus," or "facing the Pro-



pontis." But all this is quite true. Of the magnificence of the Bosphorus I have spoken once; I shall have to do so again. The Turks are passionately fond of their glorious stream. All of them who can do so, make it their principal care to live within view of it. And an Osmanli who is building for himself a house, gives attention to have his whole frontage, some principal room, or, if he cannot possibly do either of these, to contrive to throw out a wing, from the lattice of which he can smoke his tchibouk, gazing on his beloved sea.

And the gardens also are as beautiful as we describe them to be—and more so; for words never could do them justice. Unlike the European—who sets up a fine theory, and contents himself therewith—the Osmanli not only declares an earnest love for flowers and trees, but their cultivation is with him an enthusiastic passion. A great business of his life is, to surround himself with nature in its most beautiful developments. In cross-

ing the parterre that led to the marble steps of the balcony, we saw groups of heliotropes, hepaticas, Arabian jessamines — those soft, silvery flowers, looking so sad, as if they wept with you, yet with an expression so ethereal, as if they were about to dissolve into spirit; exotics, that say, "Our growth has been precious," our life is of the skies; camellia japonicas; columbines, pink and purple; the white lotus, tiger-lilies, myrtles; pinks, with their dark eyes; the haughty gunech-tchichi, or sun-flower; the orient glow of the yellow geranium, softly shadowed by the deep azure blossoms of the lavender, cactuses, and cichorium,

"With its soft eye serenely blue,"

mirroring the calm glory of the skies, as it were a flower let fall from their cerulean depths.

There was, too, the marble fountain, pouring forth its unceasing flow of musical rain; an ornament with which every gentle-

man's garden in Turkey is fitted. On every side bloomed clusters of brilliant and sunny-tinted flowers. Tall trees, the haunt of the cuckoo and the nightingale, overhung its stately basin, mirroring their thin and flexible branches in its glassy waters. Whilst the pliant ash, the weeping willow, the yet more graceful saf-saf—amidst whose leafy branches a bulbul nestled, filling the air with her wondrously melodious but somewhat mournful notes—the feathery birch, drooped their wavy limbs into the murmuring waters, as though surfeited with the beauty of that glorious sun, and that heaven-tinted sky. In the distance, we saw the verdant and lofty mountains of Asia; their salient peaks bathed in the clear light of the meridian azure, and over whose lovely summits the gossamer clouds, as now and then they floated, paused to rest.

But unhappily, too, from this balcony, at the present moment our eye was fixed by a sickening sight. Azmi Pasha was a Minister

of State. No means that would bring to justice those Greeks who acted treacherously to Turkey or her allies in the present war, had he left untried. By this noble spirit, he had incurred the deepest hatred of the whole Greek population. A conspiracy against him was formed, and three of them had sworn, by their hopes of mercy and Heaven, that they would take his life. The body of one of these men was now hanging upon a tree that could be seen from this balcony. This extempore gibbet was in a turn of the road that wound around the Pasha's house.

"Ah!" cried Heyminé Hanoum, the Pasha's daughter, as my sister turned away, with that stifled shriek which is mingled of surprise and fright. "I am very sorry. These things are too dreadful for you. You see none of them, jainum—my soul—in your own happy country. When we go into the house, I will tell you all about it. I often think of England. I have not

heard much about it ; but, from what I have been told, I love the ways and the people there. I wish I lived amongst them. *Gelgia geosunim nourissim*—but come in with me, light of my eyes !” pursued she, taking her hand, and leading her into the house.

This affection for England and English people is not at all a solitary feeling in Turkey. It has already been seen that *Yasumi* felt it as strongly as *Heyminé*. It is all due to the progress which our literature has made of late among the *Osmanlis*—they have learned English on purpose to study it—and to the numbers of our highest-minded men and women who, enticed by the facilities now offered for travelling, have in the last few years visited Turkey. This has enabled the *Osmanlis* to understand us as we are, and not as before they had supposed us to be. A feeling, which is more than an affection—it is a love—has taken the place of their old-fashioned fear and dislike.

No sympathy have I with those who abuse the Osmanlis, and tell us they distrust the English, even as they do other Giaours. No such thing. The man who says so, has either judged too hastily, or not judged at all. Amongst the lower classes, I know it will yet be found that it is so ; but never did he see any such animosity exhibited amongst the higher. On questioning the enlightened Osmanli, I have always found in him a deep respect for Englishmen and the English character.

“Inshal'lâh !” said one of them to me ; “I must, Sir, believe you to be Infidels, because the Koran says it. And yet, I will say, that often I know not what to make of it. When I look at you, and see how much stronger, wealthier, and more truthful you are than our own people, I am almost constrained to wish that we believed also that religion, which can work such wonderful effects on men, and endue their minds with wisdom, that can be likened only to a ray

from the glory of Paradise. Lah il'lâh el il l'Al'lâh ! Muhammed il resoul Al'lâh !” pursued he, stroking his beard, as if half afraid that, without this confession of his faith, he was conceding too much for a True Believer. “But I will say to you, tchelibis, that the English are the princes amongst the nations of the earth. I love them ; and that Al'lâh bilir—Al'lâh knows !”

As the Pasha had ordered that we should have a full ceremonious reception, the moment Heyminé had entered the door, we found more than a score of servants, and a row of soldiers drawn up to receive us. Amongst them, we saw his mer akba,\* his selictar-aga,† his Aga-Baba,‡ his tchibouk-bashi,§ and his finjan-bashi.¶ Simultaneous with our entrance, a slave ran off to announce

\* Head groom.

† Sword-bearer.

‡ Chief of the Harem Guard.

§ Pipe-bearer.

¶ Cup-bearer.

this fact, and that we were, moreover, on our way to the Pasha.

Heyminé conducted us into the principal saloon, where she at once presented us to her father. He was a man of middle age. His forehead was firm and lofty. His dark, piercing eyes were half-concealed by a pair of bushy, wiry eyebrows. The features were high and stern, and very strongly defined. His upper lip was entirely hidden by the large, black, hanging moustache; and a beard of the same jetty hue fell in long and wavy curls to below his girdle. Altogether, his aspect was of calm, self-centred pride—but without haughtiness. Indeed, of one who was too proud to be vain, and who cared nothing for the world or its opinions,—not through obtusity, but from disdain. He was one of those called the “Ginour Pashas;” that is—drank wine freely, and was half an infidel. He had travelled, and had mixed much with Europeans, which were the causes of this amiable laxity.



“Khosh gùeldin !—you are welcome !” said the Pasha, making the graceful *temina*\* of the East. He pointed to the cushions, bade us be seated, clapped his hands, and as with one impulse more than twenty slaves entered, bearing coffee, *tchibouks*, fruits, ices, and sweetmeats. The coffee was contained in a massive urn of silver, elegantly chased and frosted, and suspended by three chains of the same metal. Following close upon the steps of this one, another slave advanced bearing a large tray of burnished gold. On this tray were ranged the *finjans* and *zarfs*—cups and stands—made of the finest porcelain, stained with hues stolen from the rainbow, and bright as if they had taken the sunbeams prisoners. Other slaves held golden salvers, bearing vases of richly chased silver, containing scented jellies, rose and honey water,

\* This elegant salutation consists in pressing the fingers of the right hand to the lips, and then to the temple.

and ices. Others held salvers of the same glittering material, on which were ranged dishes made of cut crystal filled with sweetmeats, and covered by little golden covers. And others of the attendants held trays laden with beautifully ornamented goblets, filled with water sparkling fresh from the fountain—tchibouks of a more costly character than any we had hitherto seen—and tobacco-pouches perfectly dazzling with the gems with which they were encrusted.

“If there is anything disagreeable to you, I would have you to say so; or you will do me great wrong, and stay me in the fulfilment of the wishes of my heart,” said the Pasha. “Much do I desire to give you such pleasure as is within the grasp of my power; but I may fail for want of knowledge how to perform my will. Is everything well, tchelibis?”

“Taibin!—well!” replied we, making the temina. It is used as often as “thank you” in England.

“Guzel der—that is good,” replied our host.

The slaves presented the refreshments before us, kneeling upon their knees—this idolatrous position of waiting upon a poor mortal like themselves, is one of the things that always pained me in Turkey—and each person in the room selected whatever he chose from the tray. That being eaten, another slave presented refreshment of some other kind; and so on till the eater uttered the emphatic “themum—enough!” Immediately he or she had done so, two slaves approached bearing, the one a golden basin and ewer filled with rose-water, and the other a towel of muslin, fine as a summer-mist, most exquisitely embroidered with flowers made of gold and silver thread. Rose-water was poured over the hands; they were wiped on the towel; and the repast was concluded.

Shortly afterwards, Azmi Pasha rose; explaining that special business now called him away from us for more than an hour. But

we were not to fail in getting any amusement, or requesting anything that his house afforded. All the rooms were open to us, and we could go anywhere, or look at whatever thing we chose. We exchanged terminas, and then he passed away amongst the voluminous folds of the drapery that veiled the door.

## CHAPTER XV.

The Georgian Slave—Mournful Tale—Common and necessary Result of selling Women, a broken Heart—The Divan—Elegance of the Saloon—Sitting Posture of the Osmanli Ladies—Warning to any silly Coxcomb who may happen to Travel in Turkey—Osmanli Affection and Simplicity—A Secret Dialogue.

As the Pasha departed, his wife took my sister's hand and led her away to the harem, to try her skill upon the piano. Heyminé glided out after them; and to all appearance, I was left almost alone with a Georgian slave, who sat on the carpet opposite me. Her face was very beautiful; but it wore a stamp of such profound but uncomplaining sorrow,

that it went to the heart. She could not answer the most trifling remark without tears. And each now and then, she turned her large loving eyes upon me, with an expression of such helpless sadness, that I was glad to let mine fall to the ground; and thus cease looking on that gaze, which called for a sympathy I dared not give.

Her story is simple and short. Amongst her native mountains there dwelt a youth whose love for her had been turned into music. He had wooed the young Amidé with the voice of song, sweeter than that the nightingale sings to the earliest star. She had returned his love. But he was poor, and could not afford to pay the price her father demanded. Therefore was she sent to Stamboul; but her gilded captivity had broken her heart.

A low-cushioned divan occupied three sides of the room. It was of crimson velvet, with flowers of gold. From the edge of the seat to the floor, depended a hanging of the same

brilliant material. The walls were covered with orange silk. The domed ceiling flashed with crescents, and little pale blue stars, that appeared to give fond invitations to peace and repose. A Persian carpet, of the very costliest kind, and most brilliant colouring, covered the floor. Gilded cages, containing starry-winged birds, that made the air joyful with song, hung from the walls. Musical instruments, the mandolin, zebek, theorbo, lay about. I was languid; and yielding to the soft enjoyment of the scene, lay down upon the cushions.

But though this description has taken some time to write, the whole affair was very short; for Heyminé was not away from the room more than a minute. Hardly had I disposed myself to my perfect satisfaction, when she returned, and flinging off her pearl-sprinkled slippers, drew up her feet beneath her upon the sofa.

The Osmanli ladies do not sit cross-legged, as is often supposed. The legs are folded

beneath them, after the fashion of a person kneeling, and then sitting down upon the heels. The toes of the feet are turned inwards, and touch each other. Never do you see an Osmanli with her legs dangling over the edge of the cushion. To expose these parts of the person whilst sitting, is considered indelicate.

After re-adjusting her yashmak, Heyminé took her tusbée, and began playing with the beads. It was made of pearls, and was one of the prettiest that I had seen. As she commenced this beloved pastime, she turned her dazzlingly fair face full upon mine, and began to make the observations, and put the questions, with which an Osmanli lady will surely honour you, on your first introduction to her at home. And the two-legged donkey who presumes on her simplicity, by making any other than those courteous answers due from a gentleman to a lady, claiming his kindness and attention, will assuredly have his delinquency punished as



it deserves. The Osmanli woman lives for nothing but love; and always finishes her salutations to a new friend, though she be but a slave freshly brought home to the house, by imploring her to love her.

"Look on me. Do you love me?" asked she.

"Not to love you would be to possess a very indifferent taste, or no taste at all."

"It is enough, and you are very kind to say it, Light of my Soul!" returned she. "Am I not pretty? What do you think of me?"

"You are lovelier than the daughters of Peristan,—your beauty is more glorious than the noonday sky,—your cheek is softer than the first flower of spring,—your face is fairer than the snow-flake upon a mountain,—your hands are like pearls,—your eyes are like moons,—your lips are like rubies, newly washed in the Boulak,—your teeth are like diamonds from the valleys of Nishapore,—your smile is softer than the light of the

evening star,—and your presence is sweeter to the soul than a sunbeam breaking through a dark cloud ! I have spoken, Kadeun.” And I smiled a quiet smile in her innocent eyes, quite convinced that I had flattered strong enough to please even an Eastern lady.

“ Inshal’lâh !—I trust in God !—You are no Giaour !” exclaimed she. “ Else, where did you learn to speak so like a good Muslem ?”

“ Have you never heard how wise the Giaours are ? That they leave no lore untouched ?”

“ Mashal’lâh ! And I like to hear them talk, too ! Adjaib ust ! It is wonderful ! I am told that the books they write are more beautiful than music, and fill the soul with love, till it enters the seventh Paradise. Is that true, Sir ?”

“ In spirit it is very nearly so.”

“ You are good, and I like you !” and, with a sweet simplicity, she went through the usual and graceful salaam, as I made the

termina in acknowledgment of the compliment. "Would you like me to be your wife, tchalibis?"

This was a rather startling proposition. She noticed my embarrassment, and proceeded:—

"Ah! I see that you would not. And yet you said you loved me. Did you speak your thoughts, Capitan?"

"Pardon me, Lady, if I did not exactly know how to answer you. The question was so unexpected, that——"

"But I would have it answered, nevertheless. Your words drop honey,—your voice is more musical than the bulbul's,—your face is whiter than a pasha's,—and you are good. Would you become a True Believer, and marry me?"

"A Mussulman I could not become," replied I, evasively. "You would not be able to love me, if I were so wicked as to deny my firm belief, because that by so doing I should obtain you?"

Heyminé blushed.

"Were you ever married?"

"——."

"Were you ever in love?"

"——."

"I think you ought to marry; all men ought to marry."

"But why, Hanoum?"

"Some woman will be looking from the lattice, and see you passing. She will inquire about you, and when she finds that you are not married, will love you. You would not become a Muslem, and then she will sicken and die of grief."

"There is no fear, Hanoum. We Giaours are too plain-looking to endanger the peace of any Osmanli woman for a moment."

Heyminé's entire unselfishness was shown by the following; spoken in the midst of the conversation:

"Yasumi Hanoum is my dear friend, as I told you when I first saw you, and I love her. Is she not beautiful?"

## CHAPTER XVI.

A Greek Plot—Entrance of the Conspirator—His manifest Dishonesty—Devotion of a Servant—Fortunate Deception—Greek Stupidity and Insolence—Fate of the Conspirators.

A WHILE, and Delsaise Hanoum returned with my sister. Heyminé made the temina, resumed her slippers, and bounding over to my sister, again led her away. She took her to her own apartments in the harem. There she told her of the Greek conspiracy.

“Last night,” said she, “at about dark, Reshedi—that is my principal slave—came here to tell me that a Greek gentleman

wished to have a strictly private interview with my father immediately. My father, I knew, was engaged with several Ministers of State and officers of the army, and could not see him, unless his business was of the most urgent import.

“‘What is his name? What would he?’ asked I. ‘The Pasha will not see him, unless he gives him some notion of his business. We can have no good opinion of the Greeks.’

“‘He would tell me nothing, lady,’ replied Reshedi. ‘I do not like him—I mean, I do not like his way. He appears to me as one who means not well; there is no rest in him. He would not leave the passage, but stood by the door, till I had, for the second time, pressed him to enter the morning-room.’

“‘I knew the Greeks are treacherous, Reshedi,’ I replied. ‘But he can mean not much harm, as he is alone. I will go to him myself. Call Abd-ul.’ Abd-ul came.

‘Abd-ul, Reshedi thinks that a Greek visitor who is here, has an ill intention. I go to see why he troubles us. Listen, I pray you : and if I clap my hands, both you and Reshedi come, that instant.’

“ ‘Inshal’lâh ! trouble not yourself, lady,’ returned Abd-ul, clapping his hand to his yataghan (which is part and pannel of an Osmanli). ‘Run your neck into no noose for his sake. Let me go in and settle the keupek—dog.’

“ ‘Stay, Abd-ul,’ returned I. ‘We must not forget that he may be honest, for aught we yet know to the contrary.’

“I wore this same dress which I now have on, khateun.” This was a white silk antery, and trousers of silver grey. “It is rather unusual in colour, but I like it. Fortunately for us all, it deceived the wicked man. The moment I came within his sight, his arm—he had raised it to strike—fell ; a knife rolled upon the floor, and he dropped upon his knees.

“‘Oh! oh! oh! St. Panagia!’ he cried.  
‘Pray for me, if—’

“‘Rise, Sir!’ said I. ‘I am not the Virgin Mary, as you have supposed me to be. I see but too well what you wanted the Pasha for. I am his daughter.’

“‘The Hanoum’s white dress—’

“‘Awoke your guilty fears,’ I said.  
‘Fear and wickedness ever must be inseparable.’

“I clapped my hands. Abd-ul and Reshedi came instantly. The quick eye of the first immediately detected the gleaming knife that lay upon the carpet; and he rushed with his drawn hanjar at the kneeling Greek.

“Abd-ul! Abd-ul!” I said, laying my hand upon his arm. “You shall not kill him. We will have justice.”

“‘Al’lâh ukbur! God is great. Let me strangle the swine, Hanoum!’

“‘No. Lift him to his feet. Reshedi, call the Pasha.’

“‘Shekier Al’lâh! God be praised! I shall



see thee floating upon the Bosphorus, ere an hour has passed, raïah,' ground Abd-ul between his teeth.

“ ‘ What did you expect to gain by killing my father ? ’ I demanded. “ The act would have been both unwise and impolitic. Unwise, as you could not possibly have escaped from the house, and my father’s death would have made no difference in your circumstances in Turkey. It would have been impolitic, for the Emperor, you worship, is the greatest tyrant upon the earth. And if he were better, Sir, I tell you to remember the Greeks here, are not in their own country, but in ours. If they choose to draw their daily bread from our soil, they must not be allowed to plot against our welfare. But everywhere, your countrymen are always fanatical, stupid, and saucy ; even to the persons through whom they are rich. In England, the Greeks have amassed fortunes, greater even than their own king possesses. And because Englishmen fully tolerate all nations, who respect

their laws, they have grown so impudent as apparently to suppose that England belongs, not to the English, but to the Greeks !

“ ‘What is this, Heyminé ?’ said my father, when he came to us.

“ ‘This Greek wanted you—to kill you. My white dress frightened him—he thought it was the Panagia !’

“ ‘Ah ! ah ! How many of you are in this plot ? No falsehood now, as you hope for the least mercy !’

“ ‘We are only three, Excellency.’

“ ‘Only three. The names and residences ?’

“ ‘They were told.

“ ‘Abd-ul, call in the guard. Take him away, and put him in irons !’ Turning to the Greek. ‘If you have spoken truth, you may hope for clemency ; if not, you die before midnight.’

“ ‘He had spoken the truth. Therefore was he spared, and another also, because it appeared they were made the dupes of the

one who has been executed. This was a vile offender; and often before had been insubordinate to our rulers. On all these accounts, he was hung this morning.

“And now jainum—my soul! I have told you all this wretched history, as I promised you.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

Invitation from Mustapha Effendi to see the Ceremony of the Baba-liuk—The “Tree of Groans”—The Et Meidan—The Column of Constantine—The Obelisk—The Delphic Tripod—Superstitious Reverence—Description of the Baba-liuk—Compunction—Revolt-ing Ceremony—A miserable Prophecy—An English Dinner.

Yasumi had described to us something of the Baba-liuk—enough to raise in us much curiosity, and cause us to ask many questions. One morning she paid us an early visit, bearing an invitation from her husband, that we would witness the ceremony. Her caïque lay in waiting; we stepped into it,

and in a moment we were gracefully gliding over the gently rising waves of the glorious Bosphorus.

Yasumi led the way across the Et Meidan, and by the "Tree of Groans."

The "Tree of Groans" is called so, because when Mahmoud, the Powerful, destroyed the Janissaries, he hung many of them upon this tree. The Et Meidan, or Place of Horses, in which it stands, was used as a race-course by the Romans. In this place, too, are the curious Column of Constantine, the Obelisk, and the Delphic Tripod. For the latter, the Osmanlis entertain the most superstitious reverence; as they have a legend saying that if it be destroyed, Stamboul will again fall into the hands of the Infidels.

My sister and Yasumi paused a moment to look at these interesting remains, and then passed onwards to the palace of Mustapha Effendi. I had a call to make in Stamboul, therefore was not with them; but as soon

as I arrived at the house, the ceremony was begun.

The Baba-liuk is a secret and very extraordinary society amongst the Arab women. Those composing it are initiated into its mysteries from their very infancy, or nearly ; and their occult rites are kept perfectly secret.

It was not without a feeling of much awe that I seated myself in the Salem-liuk. I felt besides a deep compunction ; for I could hardly think I did right in countenancing, even by my presence, this wretched frenzy. Assuredly we were very wrong in doing so ; but my excuse is, that neither I nor my sister knew the truth till we had seen it, or we never would have consented to be there at the revolting exhibition.

Five Arab women who were of the Baba-liuk came into the apartment. A slave placed a pan of burning charcoal in the midst, and the orgies began. The Arabs squatted down around this fire, and com-

menced a wild unearthly song. This was followed by a chorus worthy of a saturnalia of demons ; and that finished by a long low wail more horrifying still. If this were but the beginning, I no longer wondered at the spell which these Baba-liuks hold over the minds of their superstitious auditors.

Then succeeded a silence of a length, that to myself, was utterly wearying ; and I was half tempted to beg them to go on, or I should decamp. And all the while a slave was constantly flinging the most intoxicating perfumes into the brazier.

The stillness concluded by all throwing themselves upon the floor, in a state of insensibility. Slaves flew to awaken them. For a time, they resisted every effort ; but when at last they were aroused, they became like fiends. They howled, they shrieked, they gnashed their teeth ; they tore their hair, and they tore each other ; they screamed for food, but would take nothing but spirituous

liquors and raw flesh ; they foamed at the mouth : in fact, seemed altogether in a state of the most frightful madness.

"Effendim, you must excuse me," said my sister, starting to her feet. "I could not stop here if you would give me worlds to do so."

"Oh ! stay, Hanoum, stay !" returned he. "The worst is over ; they will be quiet, now."

"Are you sure of this ? It frightens me."

"Ay, lady—see."

It was as the Effendi said. After remaining on the floor a few minutes, they slowly rose. And now, this was the spirit of prophecy. They extended their open palms to heaven ; they waved their arms solemnly above their head ; they looked several times around on all in the room. Then a Baba-liuk fixed on the person whose past and future she would soothsay.

She coldly fixed her eyes upon myself. All faces were instantly turned in my direc-



tion, with an aspect of blank awe upon every one of them. I was hardly able to avoid laughing outright at their superstitious dread ; but courtesy to our host forbade my putting on aught but a face of becoming length.

There is only one Baba-liuk speaks upon any single occasion ; and she prophecies but of one person. Her companions maintain, the while, a deep silence ; except that, now and then, they reiterate any sentence of special import, in a subdued, long-drawn howl.

“THE FUTURE!”

wailed the first Baba-liuk ; and the rest repeated the same deep wail. The divination—if, for a moment, I dignify the thing by using such a word—was something as follows :

“ Effendim ! all portends you trouble !  
Stars that sail across the blue,  
Midnight cloud, and morning dew,  
Snakes, and toads, and serpents too.

Shadows thicken, lightnings glare !  
Some they kill, and some they spare.—  
The young bride's fate her love must share.  
Trouble ! trouble ! woe and trouble !  
Gloom of earthquake and eclipse,  
Till once more you sail in ships !”

Truly, a miserable portent ; but its falseness was plain, on its own showing.

“ THE PRESENT.

“ Haste ! spirits, haste ! the hour has come  
Effendim pines for his glorious home ;  
Where jewels gleam, and flowers flourish,  
And founts of crystal waters nourish.  
Hour by hour his Houri waits,  
Day and night she watches the gates.  
But her lover delays, and the lilac dove  
Alone lists to her song of grief and love.”

All this I knew to be a perfect lie.

I looked for something to be said of the Past. She made no attempt to shadow it. Not but Baba-liuks generally do so, I believe.

When the Baba-liuk had concluded her soothsaying, she slowly and solemnly, as she

had acted since the spirit of prophecy was upon her, seated herself amongst her companions. A fresh insensibility now seized them all. We rose and left the room; at the same time, the attendant slaves carried out the mangul; the door was closed, and the Baba-liuks were left to recover as they liked.

In the Baba-liuks, the Osmanlis—especially the women—put unshaken confidence. They will tell you, that again and again their prophecies have proved sooth: I dare say, after the fashion of Moore's Almanack, prophecying, in January, "Snow, or sleet, and cold winds, may be expected about this time." It is, therefore, a ceremony of which Osmanli ladies are especially fond; and they often request it may be performed.

Whatever the Baba-liuks themselves believe, the whole affair is explained in half a sentence—the intoxicating perfumes constantly burning in the mangul, have a powerful effect, even upon the calm, sober, spectator.

But, joined to the intensely excited imagination into which the Baba-liuks force themselves, it must produce an airy delirium, that the ignorant devotee easily believes is a spirit of divination.

At six o'clock we reluctantly quitted the mansion of our kind entertainer, and proceeded to Pera, whither we were invited to a dinner at seven o'clock. To describe this there is not the least necessity. Everybody knows what an English dinner is ; the history of one is the history of all. There were the courses, changed oftener than the Prime Minister at home. The pastry, sweeter than Currer Bell's temper.\* The wines, more delicious than a love-story by Miss Kavanagh. The conversation, more empty, silly, vain, and impertinent, than Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." The music, more enlivening than Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc." At the table we

\* Written before the death of this lovely Englishwoman ; therefore I choose to let it stand.

met one or two of the English notabilities resident in Turkey, and one or two shifting tourists. At length, the feasting properly and gloriously concluded, and after a few changes rung upon the piano, by a very pretty English young lady, we took our leave. The dinner was as English dinners always are, a perfect bore. One's head is racked till it aches, because we cannot find the requisite nothings to say. It was not, however, our entertainer's, nor his family's fault, but the fault of our company that we were not able to pitch conversation at a homely, natural key. He was a warm genial-hearted gentlemanly man, and his family were kind beyond the ordinary measure of friendly kindness.

How different one always feels when invited to a breakfast! We are certain of an hour or two's real enjoyment; for, of English meals, it is the one whose feeling throughout is free and natural.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Osmanli Character—Prejudices of Englishmen—First Impressions—Real and Ideal—Poetry of Women—Want in Eastern women—Osmanli Simplicity—Their kindness to Animals—Stamboul an orderly City—Defects in the Osmanli Character—Contemptuous Opinion of woman—Lying—Revenge—Law to which Visitors to Osmanli Gentlemen must subscribe—Unaffected kindness of the Osmanli Gentleman and his Wife to their Visitors—Their earnest desire for their Comfort—No Restraint felt in their House—Osmanli Humility—An Osmanli's opinion of Englishmen.

WHILST at Stamboul, I found few of my countrymen willing to admit that any pleasure could be found there. They endured their residence in it with exactly the same grace, which could be expected from an English-

man—whose very birth-right is a grumble—while suffering a tremendous but compulsory bore. It was useless that I reasoned with them; that I tried to point out the beauties of the country, and the excellences of the people. More than once, I was stopped by an expletive more remarkable for its force than its elegance; delivered, too, with an energy that I had never seen equalled except at home.

“D—n it all, Sir! why you don’t mean to say you like Turkey?”

I do admit that on a first impression, Stamboul is by no means an attractive, or even an endurable city. Its situation is singularly imperial—enthroned on its Seven Hills. It is especially pleasing as seen from the Bosphorus. I saw it from our caïque under all possible aspects—the blushing morn, the dazzling noon, the cloud, the storm, the golden evening, the mysterious twilight. The last is the best of all times, except you look upon it as it is bathed in the soft silvery beams of the rising moon; and moonlight in the East is

such a light as you can witness no where else. Then, in that fairy-like but misty light, every object is revealed in an obscurity like mystery, and a silence deep as thought. The spires, domes, minarets, brought out in soft relief, by the dark blue and starry sky, fill the mind with ideas somewhat correspondent with our notions of Eastern magnificence. The houses and gardens of the nobility that girdle the shores, look like fantastic fairy realms in the dim distance, that you try to understand but cannot. The moonbeams fall on the Bosphorus like a mist of light. With your consciousness of this last thought ends your idea of yourself and of reality. A softness, like a luxurious dream, has been the while stealing over you; now its influence is fulfilled, and you look and feel as in a spirit land.

Let it last as long as it will. Make no effort to restore your senses to the material; for go within the city, and the ideality, exchanged for the reality, is most depressing. The first time I saw it, I was so vexed by



the dissipation of all my most fondly-cherished illusions, that had not others been with me, I should have shed tears. Every thing I looked upon was paltry, flimsy, offensive to my tastes, mean. The ugly, filthy, shops—the little, low, trumpery, wooden-houses—the narrow, unpaved, muddy streets; and so full of holes too, that, by night it is imperative you should be careful, or, it is no exaggeration to say that you will break your neck. The dirty human beings passing by, indiscriminately mixed with beasts of burden; dirty, ugh! My stomach turns as I think upon them. I gathered up the skirts of my coat, lest I should bear away vermin, or worse—the plague! Ever and anon, a bundle of rags came shuffling along on yellow feet, and around the top of the said bundle I saw a dirty piece of muslin wrapped; and when I asked the meaning of this phenomenon in locomotion, they told me “It is a woman!” Ah! but reason how you will, such scenes are dreadfully trying to

the nerves ! It is terrible if you have learned to look on woman with a poet's eye, to have such a thing as this pointed out to you, as one of the sex. Then there were the hosts of half-starved, mangy, nasty dogs—the shrieks, the shouts, the “Al'lâh ukburs !” the “Al'lâh hus !” “Oh !” said I to my friends, “if this is the Stamboul, of which I have been taught to expect so much, I would rather be at home !”

And not less than the City of the Three Seas itself, our first impressions of Osmanli character are eminently unfavourable. Chicanery, falsehood, deceit, venality, rise before us on every hand ; and we are ready to be certain, that no good thing can come out of Turkey. But, to obtain a just insight into Eastern character and happiness, it is necessary that we gain admission to one or two of the best houses. There we find what we have been taught to hope for—magnificence worthy of a scene in the “Arabian Nights.” Nature and art combined in a thousand

forms of perfect loveliness. Personal and domestic cleanliness, which strikes you even as being needlessly scrupulous. Women of such glorious beauty, that before you had imaged only of an angel.

In the women of the East, however, there is one great thing wanting. Feminine, and very womanly; loving, to the utter forgetfulness of self; with a revelation of intellect on her brow, and in her deep eyes, the like of which is possessed by hardly any other woman on earth. But there is no knowledge fixed on that high, calm, forehead; no thought in the heavenly sparkle of those unsearchable eyes. She is a child—a perfect woman in heart, but in head a child.

Here, too, you become acquainted with the genuine Osmanli character. The Osmanli is an affectionate man. This yearning for the welfare of all, extends itself to everything in connection with him; he loves the animals, the trees, the flowers, down to the humblest thing that God has made. It is, indeed,

half amusing to us English, who have learned to think correctly, and yet with an electrical rapidity, to see the Osmanli sitting on his carpet and smoking his tchibouk at the Sweet Waters, or at his window, gazing upon the same landscape for hours upon hours. He has looked on this scene times out of number, yet you never can discover the least sign of *ennui*. He sits in a half dreamy muse, constantly discovering fresh combinations of beauty, and fresh sources of repose and happiness.

He is very tender-hearted to the dumb creation. He never takes a gun and goes out shooting the birds—those loveliest, those most affectionate, most innocent little beings in God's unintelligent world—and calls the said murder "sport!" All the feathered tribe enjoy a happy consciousness of safety in Stamboul. As you sit on the green sward, birds both large and small, come hopping about before you, in hopes that you will bestow upon them that meal which they

generally obtain from all loungers. Doves live in the interior of every public edifice. As you sail upon the Bosphorus, the gulls fly in sportive circles around your head. Water-ducks float in hundreds on the swelling waves; following your caïque, or sailing in and out among the ships, in expectation of the bread that the Osmanli never fails to fling to them, when he has the means.

The city itself is very populous; but for all it contains so many unruly, blood-thirsty, plundering Greeks, it requires few police to keep it in order. Robberies in Stamboul are very rare; yet the way the houses are built, and the material of which they are made, offer every facility for their commission. Murders, too, are seldom heard of. Brawls, night disturbances, women claiming the protection of the law against the violence of their husbands, divorces—those fashionable things in fashionable life—are hardly known.

The glaring defects in the Osmanli, are—his contempt for woman. Ask a Turk for

his demonstration of woman, and he will tell you, with admirable conciseness, that she is "bosh;" which meaneth, nothing. His disregard for truth; his unappeasable desire for vengeance. The last, often leads to the most horrifying results. We have heard some of them in connexion with this present war. His own words are, "I will bring destruction on the soul: I will drink the blood of my enemy!" And the imprecation is hardly so hyperbolical as Eastern similes usually are. He would nearly keep his word, if it were possible. Make an Osmanli to love you, and you will be much his debtor. Arouse his hate, and you will do well to flee for your life; for his bitterness is unquenchable; he never forgives.

The Osmanli, from Muhammed downwards, has always been a great liar; to truthfulness he appears to attach no value. But there are many beautiful exceptions to this rule—amongst them, the Sultan Abdul-Medjid stands pre-eminent. So, also, do

those Osmanlis who have appeared in the course of my history.

I like the Turks; and they like the English. Though, too often, they have seen but indifferent specimens of us; and the present war will not go far to advance their love. For the way our officers and men behave to them is generally shameful; or, rather, is shameless.

Any one who goes to Stamboul, and estimates the character of its people, according to what he sees on a superficial observation, must be deceived. An Osmanli never is hasty in forming an acquaintance. Unless he has an affection for you, too, he never takes any pains to discover what will please you; nor to suit himself to your peculiar disposition. He is vain, haughty, self-relying, indolent. He hates all exertion, both physical and mental, to which he is not compelled. You must begin a friendship with him, by adapting yourself to his tastes—not he to yours. This is the rule; and its

exceptions are, as I have said, in favour of those for whom he feels some unusual interest. To these he can never sufficiently testify his desire to make them happy. To secure his aim, pocket, will, and establishment, all are brought into earnest requisition.

And when he says to such an one, "My house, my servants—all are yours," he literally means a goodly share of the compliment. When you arrive at his house, are you hungry?—Immediately, a dozen slaves are ready to obey your nod, and bring you any repast you may choose to order. For, with such excellence are the domestic concerns of all Osmanli houses arranged, that you may always have a meal of any kind at five minutes' notice. Are you thirsty?—Tell the attendants what drink they shall fetch you; whether kahvée (coffee) sherbet, hosh-aub, or water. I do not speak of more potent beverages; they are not allowed by the Koran; but if you are in the dwelling of an



Osmanli who uses any of these, you may order them also. Is the day hot, and you appear faint, after the exercise of coming to the house?—Immediately, one of the ka-deuns (ladies) presses you to recline upon the sofa, and a couple of slaves stand over, to fan you. Are you pale?—She fancies you have headache, and begs you to have a bed made up, that you may sleep for an hour. Are you tired of sitting or of talking?—Wander about all over the house; take up tchibouks, tusbées, mandolins; look behind hangings; unhang parrots, canaries, goldfinches; pen drawers, talk to the slaves, go into the garden—and, if the European visitor be a woman, she may go to the harem, and be exactly as curious there. In a word, you may take the same liberties, and give the same orders, as if you were master of the house; and not only is it felt to be no impertinence, but the noble Osmanli will thank you for making yourself so fully at home! You cannot hurt himself nor his wife

more than by allowing them to believe you were not, in all respects, thoroughly at ease. And, in that case, it is likely he will tell you, that if you cannot feel yourself happy and perfectly unrestrained in his house, you will consult both his and your own comfort by never coming there again.

I said he was haughty ; but even in this he has " chosen the better part." He understands no nobility but that of nature. And when he hears the European discoursing of the noble blood that flows in his veins, he listens with an expression on his face that is half wonder, half sneer. When the braggart has finished, he contemptuously replies : " But every Osmanli is born a gentleman ! " He spreads his carpet side by side with any one of his countrymen at the Sweet Waters ; without fearing that he will forget himself, or be vulgar, and converses with him freely for hours. Ah ! I like that !

Of that earnest regard for the Giaour of

which I have spoken, an Osmanli, who was nearly the last that I ever saw, was an example. He was engaged in a public office ; but the moment he saw us enter, he left his occupation, and requested we would allow him to superintend the embarkation of our luggage, whilst we could sit down on a sofa that he pointed out. To be sure the courteous offer was accepted, with the temina that testified our thanks. When he had finished I spoke to him. His position in life was not a high one, but he could speak nine languages : ' very passable English amongst them. We talked of England. He asked question upon question about it, and listened to my answers with beaming eyes, and rapturous smiles.

" I like the English ! I like the English ! " said he ; and the expression on his honest face showed the truthfulness of his assertion. You may be certain that I felt too flattered to think of dislodging this excellent opinion

of us ; so I climaxed it by assuring him, " The English are the very best people under the sun ! "

" Yes, yes ! oh yes ! " returned he. " An Englishman is always right and straight —so." And placing the palms of his hands opposite each other, he gestured several times rapidly up and down. I fervently hope that, the enthusiastic Osmanli will never have to pay for his good opinion of us.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Harem Life—Morality in Turkey—Scarcity of Women—  
Purchasing a Wife—Marriage recommended—The  
Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid—Female Frailty—Intrigues—  
The Language of Flowers—Unenviable Position—Lady  
in search of a Lover—Feminine Devotion—Osmanli  
Women vindicated—Domestic Manners of the Harem  
—Travellers' Tales—The Master of the Harem.

HAREM life is not one of the most delicate subjects to write upon. One's personal feelings might well induce one to pass over it without comment. But this should not be. Osmanli women have been spoken of most cruelly—to use no harsher word. Men who neither did, nor could see those things they have pretended to

describe, have again and again made it their theme from unpardonable motives. I shall endeavour to depict it as it exists at the present day.

Morality in Turkey is in a condition that cannot be described. To be sure. Muhammedanism can be attended with nothing else. "Let every man have his own wife," is the law of our King and Creator. It is written as palpably upon our hearts as it is upon the Golden Page. Next to our redemption by His own dear son, the proof of His love for our happiness is found in His placing the solitary in families. Therein the man finds one being who is of "one flesh"—and, as the flesh is ever but an image to the spirit—of one soul with himself. If man and woman fulfil their office by marriage, then, I say, here soul is to meet and mingle with soul till there is no difference; neither man nor woman; for both are one, united in the source of life, the Lord Jesus Christ. Feeling responds in these two persons to

feeling, thought to thought, heart beats to heart, wish to wish. And that this mystic union may never lose the freshness of its imagery, God our Father has provided that by it also children shall originate. In them we again live: in them our first gushing youth is renewed—constant—perpetual. Such a feeling as this, reason teaches, cannot be if two women are to be taken into the account. And the balance of the sexes is an effectual bond to the evidence of our reason and religion.

Osmanli men certainly are grossly immoral. What else could you look for? Imagine yourself an Osmanli for a couple of minutes. You begin life with two feelings—the first, that women by reason of polygamy are made scarce; the next is the necessity that, through this fact, illicit love must be a great business of your life. You have no religious punctiliousness to overcome. Muhammedanism not only allows, but encourages it. There is no other heaven, as the Muslem is told.

I have said that women are scarce; and

any one who has studied mankind knows that this one truth must lead to the worst results. Take hope from a man, and you make him reckless. In general, the young Osmanli cannot look for a wife early, whatever be his personal desire. He must wait till he can get the money to purchase her. Then, this very phase of Turkish manners, causes a second very heavy, and quite unnecessary, drain upon his early purse. It is not enough that he can furnish a salem-liuk, or men's apartments; there must be a harem fitted up, for the use of the women. The consequences, to men who feel none of the restraints of a pure and earnest religion, it needs not pen and ink to describe.

Therefore it is, that most Osmanli gentlemen, who can afford it, take care to preserve their son's morals, by offering to purchase for him a wife, or an oda-liek. If the young man consents, the choice is made; perhaps his mother has long fixed her attention upon some young friend, and hoped to see her the



wife of her son. The lady is brought home to his father's house ; she mingles with the rest of the inmates of the harem ; a room is appropriated to her own especial use ; and in this family she dwells, till the son possesses the means to have a house of his own.

To return to those who have no rich parent whom to look up to for this kindness. The sexes are in numbers equal. If one man is to appropriate to himself more than one woman, then some other man must be defrauded of the right of his being—a wife. But there are Turkish *grandeës* who prevent a hundred women, in the characters of wives, *oda-lieks*, and slaves, from fulfilling their natural use ; others fifty ; others less ; but all who can afford it possess more than one. For, in Turkey, a woman may always be bought for a price—the greater, as she is the more beautiful. She is part of her father's property—often his most valuable possession in the world ;—and the advent of a beautiful girl is a season of rejoicing.

And, ah! how I should rejoice to see those incorrigible louts, who — with nothing that is manly about them but their whiskers—are waiting to sell their precious selves to the highest bidder, should I not, I say, dearly like to have them all packed off to Stamboul. There, they would be made to feel a woman's value; to have no wife at all, unless they opened their pockets to the extent of eighty—a hundred—two hundred pounds;—and I saw a beautiful woman, for whom, they told me, several thousand pounds were given. This condition of things would, indeed, bring them to their senses.

Marry! I tell you, marry! Are you afraid of it? Why, did you never look in a pair of laughing blue eyes, or on the face of some cherub-child, for a quarter of an hour; until you felt that for such treasures you could dare—and do—anything in earth or stars? Get a wife, directly; trust in Him who ordered you to do it; and prosper.

In the palace of the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid Khan there are two thousand women imprisoned. First, in the character of Kadeuns—he has no wives, for the Sultan does not marry—ladies whom in especial he loves, and by whom he has had children. Of these there are five. The next kind is Ikhbals—favourites. By these he has had children also. The remainder are oda'lieks.

These the Sultan seldom visits; some of them may possibly never see him, except on state occasions. Here we have two thousand women, save one, immured for life, and violently torn from their office, by a single man, who has no moral right to them whatever.

The Osmanli women often forget those attributes which constitute the loveliness, the glory, and the might of their sex. Well, and at whose door does the fault and the sin lie? Not at their own, poor creatures! It rests on the head of those who have forced upon them an unnatural condition of life; a

condition for which their Maker neither intended nor fitted them.

The logic is plain. Dam up the proper channel of the stream, and it will overflow its banks. Prevent the branches of the tree from spreading in their own chosen direction, and they will thrust themselves forth in another. Take from a woman that which is hers by a law of nature, and she will seek unlawful means to obtain it, and thus be revenged.

Therefore is it that the history of a thorough-going Turkish harem, is one impossible-to-be-unravelled web of intrigue and improper connexions. When Lord Byron described the Aga as going abroad to purchase a man slave, dressing Don Juan as a woman, and presenting him thus disguised to Gul Beyaz, he was not wide of the mark. Young men are smuggled into the harems, disguised as wandering gypsies of three-score and ten; as awali—singing-women; as almé—dancing-girls; as one of the old

women who travel with essences, bouquets, and charms for sale; as massaldjis—story-tellers. Or the lady feigns illness—the doctor is sent for—she names whom—a slave is despatched, and her lover is introduced to her presence. Or a young man scales the garden walls, by helps already provided by the lady—a shawl or a feridge tied to a branch—and she receives him in her kiosque. In fine, the invention of both sexes is for ever on the rack to obtain secret interviews with each other.

But, even in these improprieties, nature has her own way—the most feminine delicacy is consulted. Let us see.

A young creature, who has all the best attributes of her sex, is sent to Stamboul, sold, and locked up in a harem. Her husband may be past eighty; she but fifteen or sixteen. Or if the harem be a populous one, she may never see one of mankind at all; except through the bars of the lattice, the hideous Numidian who keeps guard over her

—and whose appearance frightens her almost as much as an apparition of Satan himself could be supposed to do—her arabaji, or the gardener. Of all these, not one but the Aga Baba may speak to, nor even look at her.

That desire for something on which to lavish the fondness of her full heart and soul—a feeling which is the most peremptory that our nature owns—she possesses in its highest strength. A lover she should have ; she is under none of the restraints of religion or of education, and a lover she *will* have. As she goes out shopping, or rides in her araba at the Sweet Waters, she watches for the young Osmanli—or haply Greek—who is suited to her mind. Him she woos with her large bright eyes, with an eloquence such as none but an Osmanli woman could attain. He understands the meaning at once—whether she intends but a flirtation, or a positive attack. The hint is acted upon. Flowers she already has ; he pur-

chases a bunch also, and, with the free-and-easy air of a gentleman and a coxcomb, flings himself upon the grass opposite the araba. Here he amuses himself with picking, sorting, inhaling the perfume, and admiring the flowers, as it seems to her black guards. In reality, he and the lady are conversing.

"Am I not pretty?" and she holds up a white lotus.

He holds up a flower of Paradise.

"You are lovelier than the houries in Korkham—Paradise."

"Do you love to look upon me?" asked by presenting a blush-rose.

"As the tiger-lily loves to gaze upon its own shadow."

"Can you love me?" and she shows a daffodil.

"As the daisy loves the sun!" and he turns towards her the flower in question.

"Would you die for my sake?" and she pulls a rosebud in two parts.

"I would submit my neck to the bow-string, without a murmur;" and he pulls off the head of a yellow geranium, or a violet.

"You are good, and I love you!" and she shows him a jasmine.

He makes the termina with the rapidity of lightning.

"Will you be my husband?" She pulls a hair from her head, and winds it round the jasmine.

He picks out a rose, and holds it with the flower pointing downwards to the earth.

"I cannot live without you; but if you refuse to have me, I shall die."

She takes a sunflower, and holds it by the side of the jasmine.

"Meet me to-night, at twilight;" now a lily is quickly added; "by the fountain;" a grape-tendril, or a moss-rose; "in the kiosque;" a peach, or any delicate fruit that is in season; "near the wall;" or if she holds up a single green leaf plucked from



one of the flowers, she says, "the kiosque is on the banks of the Bosphorus;" or, if she gathers her flowers into a bunch, and points the tip of her finger to the centre, it means, "the kiosque is in the midst of the garden." If she removes her finger, and then points a second time; "surrounded by trees." Then a lavender-bud; "there is nothing to fear." But a white rose is, "be as careful as you can." And then she re-adjusts her yashmak, which is, "There will be a mark where you should climb."

Beyond this, he has to watch for the departure of the arabaji, that he may follow and discover where the lady resides. It matters nothing that her fellow captives have witnessed the whole proceeding. They are in like miserable condition, and may want—or, perhaps, have wanted—for the like secrecy.

And now the lady is perfectly happy. She vents upon him all her passionate love. She arranges for his visits; she calls him "her Light, her Soul, her Sultan, and her

Lord." She is never pleased but in his presence ; though whenever he comes, she runs her neck in the bowstring ; for though he might escape their discoverer, she could not. She looks upon him as her husband ; she turns her eyes on none but him. He is too poor yet to marry her ; but if she be an oda'liek, she looks forward in hope that one day he will be able to make a home for her, and then she will fly with him. If she be a slave, she will demand to be sold ; and, as she can choose to what purchaser she will go, she will take care that he has her for the very least sum, that she can be sold for.

I repeat that there is something very natural, very delicate, and very womanly in all this ; and that, if there be one sinner of this class, over whom the Saviour would stretch His living hand, and say "neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more," more readily than any other, it is the too-much abused Osmanli woman.

I will never hear the character of the

Osmanli spoken light of. For circumstances so dreadfully adverse to rectitude and morality, as those in which she lives, I think her spotlessness, her womanliness, her unchanging love, perfectly amazing. As I write this, the images of Yasumi Hanoum, and Heyminé Hanoum rise before me,—women, pure as the lotus-cups beside their own crystal fountain; stainless as the sunbeam of their own glorious skies; loving as the evening star for its shadow, reflected in their own silver Bosphorus.

“Heyminé, Hanoum!” said I, one time, anxious to gain her evidence to add to my own belief. “If you were married, would you love your husband in sickness and in health, in riches and in poverty—even unto death?”

“Mashal’lâh! How could any woman help loving her husband, Effendimmou?”

“But some of them do help it, Hanoum.”

“I confess I find not how, then.”

“Why, do not some Osmanlis encourage

lovers, and thus pollute the harems of their husbands ?”

“ Not, if their husband is good, Capitan.”

The harem is the name given to the women’s apartments ; the salem-liek to those of the men. Till she is about nine years of age, the girl may spend her time in the harem, or the salem-liek, exactly as she wills ; but that early stage of life once attained, she has such liberty no longer. She is ordered into the harem ; and henceforth, in the house of an Osmanli of the old school, she appears in the salem-liek no more.

But this part of Osmanli rule now exhibits almost as many shades of difference, as the scale of a thermometer ; and by it you may measure very precisely his defection from the Faithful, and his sympathy with the ways of the Giaour. One Osmanli allows his wives to come to meals with him, in the salem-liek ; or he, and his children also, go to the harem, and take them there. Another

Osmanli permits them to live in the salem-liek, or harem, indiscriminately :—only they must remember to make their hastiest flight on the announcement of that spectre—a man. But other Osmanlis are learning to sneer at all this nonsense ; and suffer their wives, or their daughters—after the fashion of those worthy Turks, of whom I have written—to appear in the salem-liek, and talk to any of mankind who may come there, whenever they will ; only requiring that they shall never enter our presence, without having their yashmaks strictly arranged, and being careful to see that some other person—a slave, at least—is in the room.

It is wickedly wrong of those travellers who say that, a Turkish woman's ideas of delicacy are solely contained behind her yashmak. No such thing. The yashmak has no reference to feminine delicacy whatever. It is put on solely as a kindness to the other sex. The lady fears that her loveliness might prove a temptation that should induce

the passer-by to give to her his affections. She could not listen to his addresses; and by her yashmak she endeavours to guard him against the possibility of forfeiting his peace.

But this good intent is lost since the yashmak has been composed of the very finest India muslin. Far from diminishing the effect of their beauty, by its means it is greatly heightened.

The Osmanli is as pure of sensibility as the European. It is in Egypt—the character of whose people, though of the same religion, differs from that of the Turks almost as much as light from darkness—that the notion of feminine refinement really is inseparably coupled with the yashmak. There you meet young ladies as guileless of outward adornment, and perhaps, in this instance, feeling as much innocence as our first parents when in Paradise. Or, if they chance to have a rag on them, they coquettishly cover their face with it.

When the business of the day is done, the man retires to the harem ; but unless he have a suspicion of his wife's fidelity, he usually sends a slave before him to announce his intention to pay her a visit. This, however, is much a matter of taste, and is done rather to save himself the trouble of a disappointment ; for the lady may be away from home, or she may in other ways be engaged, so that she cannot see him for a time. And if, on approaching the harem, he discovers a pair of slippers resting at the foot of the stairs, or before the door of the room in the harem, which is the private apartment of the lady he seeks, then he immediately turns back. She has company ; and unless she gives him leave to do so, he may not enter her presence until her friend departs.

As the following history exhibits a true picture of the domestic manners and customs of the Turks, at the present day, besides revealing certain secrets of harem life,

relative to which, so little has been hitherto known in this country, I trust it may not prove unacceptable to my readers.



## CHAPTER XX.

Suleiman Effendi and his Two Young Wives, Gulbeyaz and Cobah—Hassan, the Wife's Lover—Secret Interview—The First of the Three Rings—Change of Air—Keeping up Appearances—The Young Bride—A Father's Advice to his Son—Distrust of Women—Suleiman's Philosophy—The Jealous Husband—Love Telegraph—A Muslem's Foresight.

Suleiman Effendi was a simple-hearted Osmanli of sixty years of age. In his declining years, he had solaced himself by taking unto him two young wives. These shared his affections with three oda'lieks. Gulbeyaz—White Rose—was the name of one

wife. Gulbeyaz was a languid, pale, large-eyed Circassian of nearly seventeen. Cobah—White Lily—was a Georgian of eighteen; lively, energetic, and impulsive.

“Oh, Cobah!” cried Gulbeyaz, as she entered Cobah’s apartment in the harem; and she stood still, just within the doorway, speechless with alarm.

The fact was, Cobah was indulging herself in the company of a lover. As Gulbeyaz entered, he rapidly commenced making his exit by the way that he came in—the window.

“Haidé Effendim, now come along, my master!” cried Cobah to the young man. “Why would you fly when there is no cause? Ne ister senez, Hanoum? What is your pleasure, lady?” added she, turning to Gulbeyaz, with a merry laugh.

“You will be discovered, and we shall all be bowstrung on the spot!” returned Gulbeyaz.

“At least, your name, jainum, will be

excluded from the list of women to be hung ; for you are innocent," returned Cobah, quietly.

"Nevertheless, I think it too bad to set a trap for the whole harem in this way, khateun," persisted Gulbeyaz. "You know how jealous Suleiman is. Nothing will stay his vengeance, if you are found out."

"Which I mean not to be," responded Cobah. "Be hey ! what is this ! The haughty Gulbeyaz—the proud wife of the satrap—trembling with fear like a mimosa in the rough hands of a hamal ! Haif ! haif ! shame ! shame ! Ittar gouzum—sit, my eyes," pursued she, pointing to a place, on the cushions. "Behur chay yok—there is nothing to fear." She clapped her hands, and a slave appeared to the summons. "Kahvée chibouques ista—bring coffee and tchibouques. I know the Aga is a pehezvenk—great rogue," continued she to Gulbeyaz. "But I have chosen my time. Suleiman is in the salem-lick asleep, and the worthy

Kafour who should be guarding his master's property, is either doing the same, or lying on his back counting the flies. I have set Nourreddin to watch ; and when I am safely away amongst the native mountains of my Hassan, I will give Kafour leave to bow-string me if he can !”

“ Inshal'lâh ! I trust in God,” cried Gulbeyaz, “ what mean you ? Would you fly, Effendimmou—my mistress ?”

“ I shall cast off Suleiman's love as carelessly as a Sultana flings off her slipper,” was the idle response.

“ Al'lâh mahil-aduk ! Allâh preserve you. I am sure Suleiman loves you, khateun, for he has told me so.”

“ But Hassan loves me better,” said Cobah, quietly. “ The thing is quickly told, my soul. I do not love Suleiman, and I do love Hassan.”

“ Suleiman allows you more jeb-karji — pocket-money,” persisted Gulbeyaz “ than Hassan will be able to give

you for the entire harem and selam-liuk together."

"How know you that?" added the other.

"By his looks; I confess I like them not," returned Gulbeyaz simply.

"Appearances, you see, are deceitful, jainum," replied Cobah. "It happens that Hassan is a pasha, and will one day be as wealthy as Suleiman himself. He has visited me in disguise, at my own request. I saw him at the Sweet Waters—"

"And I told you you were more beautiful than the houries in Peristan, and that I loved you more than the rose-bud loves the spray-drop cast on it by the fountain," interposed Hassan.

"You did, Effendimou (my master)," replied Cobah. "And I told you that my fondness for you was greater than that of the narcissus for its shadow; that I would love none but you. And so I feel still."

"One word—one word, peri of my kismet—

and houri of my heart's paradise!" murmured Hassan. "One word, and I am your slave for ever. When shall I fly with my bird to the gardens of Abasia?"

"Not so, Sir!" rejoined Cobah, emphatically. "Think you then I will suffer myself to be taken away as indifferently as if I were the daughter of a kamal, or a basket of sekel? You must perform a work for my sake."

"And what shall I do?" said Hassan, in a dejected voice.

"This you shall do. Behold those three rings!" holding up her fingers. "They were given me by the silly dromedary, my husband, to wear for his sake. You shall torment him for me, and pull them off one by one, by making him jealous three times."

"I will peril life and limb in the service," replied Hassan. "Say when I shall begin."

"I will tell you, as we drink our coffee."

The next day being Friday, the Muham-

medan sabbath, Suleiman graciously permitted his wives to go in the araba to shumil howai—smell the wind—or, as we English should call it, for “change of air”—at Kihat-hani, the European Sweet Waters. It was seldom that he allowed them such an extreme privilege; and in the afternoon, therefore, he must needs go thither, accompanied by his son, Emin, to see that all was going on rightly, and that his wives were not laughing at his beard.

He saw nothing whatever that could be suspected. Gulbeyaz sat on the cushions of the araba, looking timidly around her like a proper docile wife should; and though Cobah had dismounted, and spread her carpet on the grass, to eat her cucumber, she held herself very orderly indeed, and cast not an eye upon one of the numbers of mankind who passed her. He was much pleased, and chuckled a complacent chuckle—which none, however, but himself heard. Very glad would he have been never to have let his wives go outside

the garden-walls at all. But so few Osmanlis do this now-a-days, that he dared not appear so singular. Still he "kept up appearances," no oftener than he felt public opinion compelled him to do; and whenever he did, he admitted to himself that the absence of his wives, "frightened him more than a cry, 'It is the plague!'"

At eventide, he returned home with them; walking, however, in company of his son, behind the araba. Emin Bey was going to be married very soon; and, on the way to the house, the anxious father gave him the benefit of his opinions and experience. Listen, and you shall hear.

"Shekier Al'lâh! God be praised, my son, you will be married in a few days; and to a wife whose soul is whiter than a lily-leaf, and her heart softer than the down upon a rose. She is moreover more beautiful than a drop of light upon a spring-leaf, and the sparkle of her eyes is brighter than the diamond, when fresh dug from the mines of Golconda.



But though love is a very necessary, and good thing, it is only so, my son, when kept in its proper place. Forget not, that you are no longer a *sekal-sinz*—a no-beard. You are now a man, and your beard is grown; and, *bil'lâh*!—by the Prophet! it promises to be one of the finest in Stamboul."

Emin Bey nodded his thanks, and the father proceeded:

"But what said I? True, Emin, my boy, the woman you will take to your harem has not her equal between Stamboul and Paradise; but what is the loveliest *houri* upon earth? Is she not a woman? and that is bosh—nothing."

Again Emin nodded his belief in the truth of his respected father's words.

"Therefore, my son, though at seemly hours you may visit your harem, and recline on the cushion of ease by the side of your wife, yet never forget that you are the man and that she is the woman; and allow not her words, nor her folly, to

ruffle a single hair of your beard. I have spoken."

"And, by the gates of Paradise, you have said well!" returned Emin, fervently.

Thus encouraged, the solicitous parent felt entitled to make a few more comments.

"Why is it, my bright-eyed, manly boy, that the Koran warns us never to put our faith, nor our desire in a maiden, nor to trust our beard in the grasp of a woman? Is it not that we may remember always that they are but bosh, and to point out how little dependence can be placed upon their discretion? And was it not for the same thing that the Prophet commanded that she should be locked up, and a veil always kept before her face? In short, to show that she herself is treacherous, and never mindful of her husband's honour, but must be hidden from the gaze of men, if he would not have his beard plucked out hair by hair, and handful by handful?"

"Good! good!" cried the young man.

"It was even so, Sir."

"Why speak I?" continued the Effendim.

"Truly, my son must be sillier than a hamal, if my words are not already made plain. Tell no treason to a Minister, no love to an Aga, no hearsay to the Imam, and no secret to your wife. My thoughts are spread out!"

"And I will preserve them in the chambers of my memory, for they are wise!" returned Emin. "You have spoken well, my father. You have charmed the ear of attention, and turned the sands of the hour-glass to gold. I could listen till dawn brings back the light, to your wisdom."

"The mind of a woman is weak, and even the Prophet cannot show her understanding. Her thoughts are lighter than the air-bag of a camel, and the noise of her tongue is like the dropping on a rainy day: as that will wear away a stone, so will her words wear away thy wisdom, if thou art governed by

them. Therefore, my son, do thou smoke the tchibouk of peace in her presence, alike when she smiles and when she storms. My mind is spoken !”

Suleiman’s philosophy was now about to be put to a test which he little expected. All the way home he had observed that a handsome young man had hovered about the araba,—now passing it, now allowing it to pass him,—and he saw, moreover, that not alone did he look with saucy eyes upon his goods—*i. e.*, his wives ; but that the most of his regard was concentrated upon Cobah. As soon as he had finished lecturing his son, he had leisure to observe the motions going on ; they made him very nervous. Emin saw it, and enjoyed it to the bottom of his heart ; for Emin was by no means the stupid creature that his father supposed, and as Emin, in the conversation, had made it to appear.

Now, they came to a place where two arabas had got jammed together. Till they were freed, Suleiman’s arabadji was compelled

to pause with the women. The stranger redoubled his attentions to the inmates of the araba. It was dreadfully trying to any one who had paid honestly for his wives; and Suleiman would have been glad to knock the rascal down. But that would have done no good—but harm: for Suleiman could see, by his attendants, that he was a man of rank.

Then, there was that wicked, impudent Cobah. She could see it all: the smiles—the unblushing eyes—and yet she was not so much as disconcerted! More, she evidently was not at all displeased, but the contrary, by the attentions of the cavalier. And Suleiman's nerves, now, were submitted to a greater trial. Cobah had pulled her bouquet to pieces, and had arranged the flowers in a circlet around the spray of diamonds that confined her yashmak! Ah! and then she turned her head towards the stranger! Suleiman understood now what was doing. He knew that an Eastern woman converses by

means of flowers, as accurately as her European sister can do by the pen, and he tried hard to get a sight of Cobah's love-telegraph. He was very near-sighted; he must get nearer to the araba; but she should not see that he was jealous; he thought it would pass off as a sweet solicitude. And, certainly, as he looked in on this side, but Cobah turned her head away, and he could not see; and, then, as he shuffled around on the other side, and Cobah changed again, and still he could not see, Gulbeyaz was deeply grateful to be so noticed. He would have spoken; but he recollected that he had nothing to say; so he only smiled.

Ah! patience awhile. He should have her at home directly. "Mashal'lâh! Al'lâh be praised, the evil is neither a plague nor an earthquake. Once within my harem, and she shall never see the outside of its lattice more."

As he turned the key in the door of the harem upon Cobah, and her slave Nourreddin,

and deposited it amongst the folds of his girdle, he uttered a soliloquy adulatory of his own foresight, and that of Muslems in general.

“Al'lâh shekier ! how they do in Frangistan, where their harems have neither locks nor bolts, but suffer their women to go in and out of them, just when and to where it shall please them, I confess, makes me to wonder. There, I am told, the women may show to men their unveiled faces, and even thus may sit at meat with them in the salem-liuk, or walk the streets and bazaars. I wonder not that the Franks never can keep their wives at home ; but here we have them wandering over all countries, till they can find rest in none, filling their heads with unseemliness and unwomanly thinkings, and as I am told, even going home to write books about the things they saw. Hi ! hi ! true, true ; but the True Believers are not so stupid. They know better than to trust their beard in the grasp of their women ; or

if they do, they deserve to have it plucked out. I have said it!"

And he clapped his hands. Which ceremony finished, he found himself before the kahvé of Yezid, the limping. The pretty garden behind the kahvé, was a favourite resort of Suleiman's; and passing through the shop, and returning the temina of Yezid, he entered it.





## CHAPTER XXI.

Merriment in the Harem—Cobah disconcerted—Apostrophe to her Lover, Hassan—Presence of Mind of her slave, Nourreddin—Kahvé of Yezid, the Limping—Conversation between Hassan and Suleiman—Mystery of the Watch—Singular Coincidence—The First Gift—The Wings of Love.

“BASH estan! on my head be it,” said Cobah to Nourreddin, in a tremulous voice, as the rattle of the key in the lock died away. “He has found us out, khateun!”

All Nourreddin’s reply was, to fling off her slippers, seat herself upon the carpet, put a hand to each of her sides, and burst into a

merry peal of laughter. Again and again, she sought to recover herself; and still she relapsed into a more ringing strain than before.

“Mashal'lâh!” cried Cobah, yet more discomfited by Nourreddin's laughter, “but methinks Nourreddin need not howl like a delhibashi, (a king of madmen,) for I can see no cause for rejoicing. Perchance she has had a hand in betraying Cobah, and having her locked up like a bale of forgotten merchandise in a drawer of the Tcharchi. The crown of her head else would not touch the cupola of Heaven with joy at my misfortune.”

“Ouf! ouf!—pshaw, pshaw!” returned her slave. “Why, how would you have me look, gouzum? Mad as a ragged dervish of the Hadji Bektash sect? or gloomy as a papas, who has had his last herring stolen from him during a Lenten fast? Eh vahr! mercy on us! I shall do neither the one nor the other!”

"E vallâh ! e vallâh ! O dear ! O dear !" cried the terrified Cobah, clasping her hands. "The men will be here to bowstring us in less than an hour !"

"Salâm jainum ! peace, my soul !" returned Nourreddin. "Suleiman will bowstring nobody."

"O Nourreddin !, my dear Nourreddin !" exclaimed Cobah, without heeding the comment of her slave ; "I shall see his face no more, who nightly lighted up the world of my dreams with a light purer than that of the diamond illuminating the secret mine, and filled the air with beautiful shapes, as of peris dancing to the music of his eyes. But what say I ? Is it not my own fault ? My feleck was in the ascendant, my kismet was propitious ; but I refused Paradise when it was within my reach, and put out the light of my own star. Hassan ! my Soul ! my Light ! my Sovereign ! and my Lord ! Life of my heart ! whom the Prophet has made, to show to men the form of the beings in Paradise—

Sea, into whose bosom the rivers of all  
 women's love must run, and yet not give  
 to thee enough!—Moon of the summer  
 night, before whose pure light the sun himself  
 withdraws! speak to me, that I may listen  
 to the nightingale, and repose amidst the  
 music sung by the bulbul. Speak, and my  
 soul shall be lifted to the entrance of the  
 Seventh Heaven. Let me look in thy face,  
 and bask in the sunshine of the summer  
 moon, whilst all besides, upon whom thou  
 dost not deign to shine, are lost in darkness.  
 O Hassan! come!—Hassan, the pure! the  
 true-hearted, the noble!”

“Guzel ust! that is very good,” cried  
 Nouradin, again indulging herself in a  
 merry peal at Cobah's expense. “I would  
 not stop you, kizem; for never heard I a  
 sweeter drop from the lips of a man  
 myself—more I cannot say.”

At Cobah's flinging herself upon her  
 knees, and giving herself up to a violent

fit of weeping, only showed how little her slave's eulogy was noticed.

"Be hey! what is this?" cried Nourredin. "What do I see? The haughty Cobah crying as pitifully as an old gipsey under the bastinado! Haif! haif! shame, shame!"

"Can you, by a word, unfasten those bolts?" exclaimed Cobah, passionately. "Or, will a murmur of your breath fling back the lock?"

"Na tu ni! there it is!" returned her slave; "and they never will be undone, as you are going to do."

"Ne apalum? what can we do?" said Cobah, sadly.

"Bana bak!—look at me! Was I ever the one to say, 'I have given up?' You are no woman, gouzum, if you do not show the devani—the idiot—your husband, that you will be the master!"

"But how can I do it?" persisted Cobah, pettishly.

“Bak!—look!” said her slave. “Do not you see the room in which the silly fool has locked us is over the street? In-shal’lâh! ’Twill be no great matter to put back the carpet and take up a board, or my usual good kismet has deserted me.”

“Pek guzel!—very good!” cried Cobah, joyfully. “And then we can fly from our prison whenever we like, jainum! Mashal’lâh! but your ready wit ever suggests as many resources as a massalji weaves up with the web of her fiction.”

Whilst Suleiman’s authority was thus being set at nought in his harem, another scene, exceedingly trying to the feelings of the husband, was being enacted elsewhere.

Hassan knew that Suleiman’s favourite resort was the kahvé of Yezid the limping. He had watched him thither on the present evening; and scarcely had Suleiman spread his carpet in the garden, and ordered kahvé

and a tchibouk to be brought him by the kahvéji, when, with a very jaunty air, Hassan came into the garden likewise. Suleiman stroked his beard, and puffed out a long, silvery stream of smoke from the mouth-piece of his tchibouk. After looking a few minutes over the heads of a party who were playing at damah—backgammon—Hassan flung himself on the grass beside Suleiman; heeding not the angry scowl with which the other greeted him as he did so.

“Ibn Sheitan!—son of Satan!” muttered Suleiman between his teeth. “May his pillauf be made of green rice, and his father eat dirt!”

But of this flattering prayer, Hassan knew nothing; he would only have laughed at it if he did know of it.

“Mashal’lâh! but an evening like this, after a day like a furnace, is a comfort,” said Hassan.

“What is written, is written,” returned Suleiman. “As good Muslems, we must

take things as the Prophet chooses to give them to us, and be content. Every one of the leaves upon which our destiny is written, my son, has been turned thrice over on the palms of his hands, that each word may be found in its proper place."

"Taibin—well said," was the response. "I would that my houri were with me here, to enjoy it."

"Hast thou a wife, then?" asked Suleiman, querulously.

"Fair as the flowers of spring, lovely as the daughters of Peristan, is my love!" returned Hassan. "But she is not mine yet, for she is the wife of another."

"How?" gasped Suleiman. Then, smiling at his folly in being frightened—for he had locked Cobah up—he continued: "And hast thou stooped to impure love, even as any hamal of the city? Have a care, my son! Where grows the lily, there glides the serpent; and the same ground that



brings forth the rose, nourishes also the hemlock."

"Inshal'lâh! think you such thoughts trouble me, Effendim! Ouf! I have yet to learn the dog's best accompaniment—fear! The noose has long been around my neck for my wild doings, and it can but be tightened an hour or two sooner or later. And, come my fate when it may, Mashal'lâh! it will find Husref Pasha no craven!"

"So he is a Pasha!" thought Suleiman, drawing a long inspiration from his tchibouk. "And your peri is pretty!" he added aloud.

"Would you like to see her?"

"Behir chay yok!—there is no fear."

"Have you eyes that can look on the sun without winking?"

"It is well to ask an old man that! But I can look on thy hussy, nevertheless."

"Not if your eyes are not as strong as I have said. But why talk I? I waste time

here, when I might be looking on my Sultana," and he began to draw forth his watch.

"Mouti-yemmin ulye agam !—much good may it do you, my lord !" thought Suleiman, with a low chuckle. But his chuckle was stopped when he looked on that watch !

"It is the time I promised," said Hassan, carelessly ; and he prepared to rise to his feet.

"Stay ! stay !" gasped Suleiman, catching his arm. "Where did you get that watch ?"

"Perhaps I stole it !" was the short reply.

"Where did you get it ?—I would know," said Suleiman, in a voice hoarse with his forced calmness.

"Ne biliram ?—what can I say ?" returned Hassan. "If I state that I bought it of a Frank, or won it at a game of trik-trak, you would believe neither. The wonder is soon spoken ! I received it in barter for a

kiss of the fairy I am going to see to-night !”

“Ha ! ha !” said Suleiman, with a grim attempt at a laugh. His lips twitched, the muscles of his face convulsed, the large drops stood on his forehead. “Let me look at it—aha !—yes ! Let me look at it, I say ! I would—a—a—handle the bauble !” and he smiled a ghastly smile.

“Bouroum !—you are welcome !” was the reply, as the watch was carelessly passed into his hand. “I believe it is a very good toy, and warranted true as the Muezzin, and as enduring as the Koran.”

Suleiman took it up. He held it close to his eyes. It was Cobah’s watch ! Not a doubt of it. There was the same delicate engraving, the same frosted and flowered gold-dial, the same exquisitely fashioned chain, and—more conclusive than all—there was the full-length portrait which he had had painted to flatter Cobah ; contrary to the express injunction of the Koran, which allows

the likeness of nothing to be taken. There was Cobah on the back as he had ordained she should be—lying upon a sofa, and painted in the colours of nature.

“’Tis a fair bauble enough,” said Suleiman, with a spasm contracting all about his heart. “Canst thou spare it awhile? I would take it home with me,” and he tried to laugh. “I would have another made like it.”

“By the gates of Paradise! should I not be a dog and the father of dogs, could I be drawn to part from my first love-gift thus easily? I will not give up the trinket. It is spoken.”

“Taib! taib! well! well!” replied Suleiman. . ‘ So be it! so be it. ’Twas but a foolish fancy that I had. A—a—’tis gone now.” And he surrendered the watch; but his fingers twitched over it, as he fain would have grasped it by main force. But he remembered that he could not take the beard of a pasha in his hand, as though he had

been but a bashi-bazouk, or a cojea-bashi—a corporal of infantry.

“I have business to do, now that I bethink me,” said Suleiman, faintly. And he rose from the carpet, and resumed his slippers. “I would see Moussa Pasha, ere nightfall. Salam aleikoum.”

But Hassan was not to be deceived in that way. He knew whither Suleiman’s steps would be instantly directed.

“And I have business too !” cried he, the moment he saw Suleiman was well out of the kahvé. Rising to his feet, he passed out of the garden, and taking a direction opposite to Suleiman, he sped as on the wings of the wind.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The Locked-up Ladies—How to draw Nails—Arrival of Hassan—Woman's Artifice—Wrath of a Jealous Husband—Daughters of Sheitan—The Watch, where is the Watch?—Influence of "the Evil Eye"—A Storm in the Harem—Feminine Duplicity—Suleiman reconciled to Cobah—Open Sesamé!

COBAH and Nourreddin were left in the sacrilegious act of turning back the carpet of Suleiman's harem floor. This was easily accomplished; but now a new difficulty arose.

"Mashal'lâh!" cried Cobah, "the less matter talking than doing, khateun. How are we to draw these nails?"

"Use the forks and knives brought in with the dinner," returned her slave. "You cut away the wood from the heads of the nails, and I will follow and draw them. Resoul! but no dourvadji — tiler—from Anadolia, ever drew nails readier than we shall!"

The nails were, with some effort, drawn. The board was carefully raised. Then it was gently put down again, and the carpet was rolled to its place.

Not long afterwards, and the notes of a deep "Al'lâh ûkbur!" rose to the lattice.

"It is the tchelibis!" exclaimed Cobah. "Back with the carpet, kizem, and fling down the handkerchief." It was done. "We are locked up, my lord," said Cobah.

"Haste you!" cried Hassan. "Your dog of a husband is on my heels!"

The carpet was carefully folded back to its place. Cobah flung the chain over her neck, and fastened the watch upon its golden hook

at her side. Then lying along upon her cushions, she said languidly :

“ Sing me a song, gouzum. I am weary, and would fain crave a little excitement.”

But Nourreddin had not more than time to take her mandolin, and upon it try the measure, before Suleiman's key was heard rattling in the lock. It made a great noise, for he was in a great passion. The door open, he entered the harem with a grave and stately tread. He stroked his beard, and fixed his eyes on Cobah with that mingled scorn and threatening which properly belongs to an injured husband. He would not speak ; oh no ! she should see his dignified determination ; she should quail beneath his cold, concentered look ; she should fall on her knees, frantically begging for mercy ; she should—

But Suleiman Effendi was no philosopher, though he fancied he was. As he stepped into the apartment, he felt, beyond a doubt, that he could keep silence no longer.

“ Al'láh úkbur !—God is great ! The



Prophet (to his name be praise!) has led me to the discovery of thy treason against my harem and honour step by step. But I will at once avenge me. This night the bowstring shall receive its due. You shall die, both of you; you for your folly, and this daughter of a hamal (street-porter) for helping you."

The two women crept flutteringly closer together. They uttered not a sound, but sat staring at Suleiman, as if they believed what wits he had ever possessed had now fled.

"Speak! speak!" thundered Suleiman, more than ever enraged by their silence. "Which way went the stranger, whom you have had here to defile the floor of my harem? Speak!"

"Stranger! stranger!" said Cobah, tremblingly. "Adjaib!—wonderful! Stranger! which way did he get in, Effendimou—my master? through the bars of the lattice, or the key-hole of the door? Mashal'lâh! little prospect of a stranger entering our prison-

house, I think. Poor Cobah! glad would I be to hear the flapping of the dark wings of Munkur and Nakur. It would at least be a release from my husband's tyranny."

"Al'lâhshiekier!" roared Suleiman. "Should I not be an ass and the father of asses, if I were to be deceived by the efforts of two plotting daughters of Sheitan? I tell you you have become a dog, and the mother of dogs! You have eaten dirt and crammed your nostrils with ashes! you have defiled the grave of your father, and brought disgrace on the harem of your mother. You have blackened your face! Speak, I say! Sister of Sheitan, and mother of a lie, where is the watch I lately gave you?"

"The watch! Adjaib! wonderful! The watch!" said Cobah, rising to a sitting posture, and taking it from amongst the folds of her antery; "Mashal'lâh! there needed no such storm, if you wished to retract your gift, sir. Of late, the Effendim makes known his will to his wife after a strange fashion."

Suleiman took the proffered watch, with an aspect of annihilating surprise. He could not believe his senses. He pinched himself, to ascertain that he was really awake, and not the victim of a night-mare. He looked from the watch to Cobah, and from Cobah to the watch; then from the watch to Cobah, and from Cobah to the watch, again. He held it to his eyes. He turned it, and twirled it to all possible points of view; and, finally, to be quite certain, he squinted on it. There was Cobah's watch, beyond the ghost of a question—yet it was the very self-same watch that, a quarter of an hour before, he had handled in the kahvé of Yezid, the limping.

“Ekki keteti—there is more than I can fathom!”—said Suleiman, stroking his beard. “I must be under the influence of the Evil Eye. I cannot otherwise explain these events, khateun.”

“Khateun! call me not khateun!” cried Cobah. “Mashal'lâh, I look like your dar-

ling, sir, locked up here, and threatened in this way."

"Lah il'lâh el il'l'Al'lâh! Muhammed il resoul Al'lâh!" said Suleiman, piously, as his confession of faith. "I am, therefore, no vessel of Eblis, though he has had the impudence to take possession of me."

"Eblis!" cried Cobah. "It is your own cruel jealousy has sent you mad."

And then she poured forth a torrent of anger on her unhappy husband, for applying to her such epithets as he had, and for locking her up. Nourreddin helped her. Suleiman tried to clear up his character; but he could not be heard, for the two ladies kept the harem in a perfect storm. He held up his hand, he stroked his beard, he danced about—and all to implore a hearing. It was of no use whatever. Suleiman was nearly mad. He hustled about the room without any rational object in so doing. He picked up a mandolin, and then put it down again. He pulled off his slippers, and then

put them on again. He hurried about, till his yellow shoes were seen flashing here and there, and everywhere, like rockets ; and the motion of his baggy pantaloons created quite a current of wind in the apartment. I have been told that women can cry whenever they like. I don't believe that ; but, as a faithful historian, I am obliged to own that both Cobah and Nourreddin finished the hurricane by flinging themselves on the cushions, and bathing them in a passionate flood of tears. Yet, there was by no means so much cause for them as appearances indicated.

Suleiman softly placed himself on the cushion by Cobah's side. Then he drew his hand lovingly around her waist—and then, he kissed her !—yes, and then he kissed her again ! And then he hoped she would forgive him, for he was very sorry—very. No more would he doubt her fealty, but henceforth would trust in her truth, as faithfully as he did in the precepts of the Koran—hereafter, he would believe her to be a

good and conscientious, True Believer. And he even hinted that he might think it proper to free her from confinement—but added: as she knew he hated to do anything in a hurry, that he would reflect a little upon the matter—which could make no difference to herself; as it was night now, and whilst she was asleep, she could not possibly tell whether she were locked up or no.

And then, he squeezed Cobah's hand—and then Cobah smiled her fondness, like a sudden burst of sunshine, in his eyes; and then she was very lovingly pleased to forgive him, and to beg that he would think no more about it. And then she stroked down his beard with her white hand; and then she kissed him with a very wife-like fondness indeed. Upon my word, I blush to mention such deceit—it is perfectly shocking!

“Again am I strong,” said Suleiman, rising to his feet. “Again is the sky clear, and the drops of light shine like jaspers that love has breathed upon. Cobah! my wife,

Cobah ! you have brought joy to my heart ; you have whitened your face !” Cobah smiled. “ You have washed the grave of your father ! You have filled for me the goblet of happiness, and poured into my ears the sherbet of love. Farewell, Cobah ! Cobah, my wife ! sun of my noonday ! star of my summer sky ! moon of my night ! Cobah, my khateun, my beloved, my beautiful ! I go to rest awhile, my own dear Cobah ; but still will my thoughts fly, even in my dreams fly, towards you with the force of a stone hurled by an elephant !”

And, having thus, lover-like, delivered himself, the gallant Suleiman walked statelily away. Scarcely had the rattle of his key died in the lock, when the carpet was thrown back, and the board taken up.

“ Lah il'lâh ! ” sang Nourreddin, in a low sweet voice. The next moment, the figure of Hassan was seen coming through the aperture made in the floor. An instant more, and the bass tones of his voice min-

gled with the clear shrill notes of the women,  
as all flung themselves upon the divan,  
and gave way to an inordinate burst of  
laughter.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Second of the Three Rings—Suleiman and Hassan—

The latter relates his love Adventure—Indignation of the former—Secrets of the Harem—The Husband's Letter—Hassan refuses to part with it—The Prophet's Beard—Suleiman determines on Revenge—A New Surprise—Explanation—Matrimonial Rejoicing.

THE next morning, Suleiman went to the kahvé, of Yezid, to have his head shaved, and to smoke his tchibouk, as usual. Not long had he been there, when Hassan entered with a careless grace ; and made some trifling inquiry.

“ Saba il keir ! the top of the morning to

you," said he, as his eyes fell upon Suleiman. "The Prophet has tried his best, in making a day like this for us."

"It is even so," said Suleiman, gruffly.

"I saw my Sultana last night," pursued Hassan, folding his legs to a sitting posture, beside Suleiman. "We talked over your words, tchelibis; and Mashal'lâh! never saw I her laugh before, as she did then. I thought she would die, ere I could stop her!"

"They were wise," said Suleiman, yet more gruffly.

"But we shall be wiser," said Hassan, with a merry chirp. "Her husband, I found, had locked her up; and yet she will elude his doggish vigilance."

"Oh!" groaned Suleiman. "How!" added he, loudly. "But now, thou saidst thou saw the woman; and then thou sayest she is locked up. Phif! humph! here are two opposites in a breath; and by the Koran, one of them must be a lie! I have said it!"

Hassan's only reply, was a long mocking laugh.

"Speak!" roared Suleiman, "speak! or I will say that thou art fitter to be the inmate of a timerheiz—a mad-house—than a Pasha, under the banner of the Prophet. How couldst thou see a woman, who is locked up?"

"Ahi! ahi! well! well!" returned Hassan, "this is the best fun I have seen for a week past. Think you, then, sir! I am an ass to twist the bowstring around my own neck; and bring destruction upon my houri, by telling thee how we meet each other. No! Let it suffice that I saw her, as I said—that she told me she yet loved me—and that ere two days had elapsed, she would fly with me from her dog of a husband. More I cannot say."

"Did she say she would fly with thee?" faltered Suleiman.

"Behir chey yok—there is no fear," returned Hassan. "I have some conscience

in the matter, however ; and am rather sorry for the fool, her husband, because I believe he loves her. This is proved by a letter he sent her this morning."

"Eughm !" groaned Suleiman, with a convulsive spasm. "And did she so far trespass against the decency of the Prophet, and the propriety of the Koran as to reveal to thee the secrets of her husband's harem ? If she did, then hanging is too good for her, and drowning too merciful. My word is spoken !"

"You shall see," replied Hassan, putting his hand in the folds of his girdle. "I am not choice over the missive. I have shown it to several persons this morning, that we might have a laugh together over the dull wit of her silly husband ;" and he handed him the letter with an idle grace.

Suleiman's hand trembled violently as he stretched it forth to receive it, yet with all his might he tried to be calm. He unfolded the paper ; he read its contents. It was the

very one he had that morning sent in to Cobah. There were the characters, written by his own hand; there were the same derogatory opinions of his sanity when he spoke to her as he did; there were the same loving epithets, the same hopes that she would give to him her affections, and love to look on him just like she used; there was the name "Suleiman" written by his own hand; there was the same blot of ink, that he had by accident made, at the end of the tail of the character signifying "Sever'im sene—I love you;" and the same seal: a star, and a hand holding a yataghan dexter.

"Phif!—humph!" grunted Suleiman, with a ghastly smile. "'Tis a lover-like scroll enough. I should say the writer loves his wife well, and his letters are fitting models for any young sikdam—scaramouch—in Stamboul. A—à—I would retain the scroll awhile. I would copy it. How say you, Effendim?"

"That I quit not this spot without the letter," said Hassan, decidedly.

"I will show it to none. I will go direct to my house with it. I will hold it from thee but one half hour. Thou shalt watch me home with it," persisted Suleiman, piteously.

"No. Whilst I have it under my own eye, I know who sees it," said Hassan. "How know I but you might shew it to her husband, ere I have it in my hand again? Give me the writing."

"I will deposit with thee my purse as a seal to my good faith. I will swear to thee upon the Koran, and by the gates of Paradise, that no man's eye besides my own shall look upon it."

"Not if thou wouldst pave the way from here to Paradise with gold, would I grant thy request," returned Hassan. "Give me the script:—I will have it now."

"I would read it at my leisure," persisted Suleiman, with a grim attempt at a laugh.

"I have spoken, and it is idle to urge me."

"Well, well! Be it as you say," replied Suleiman, trying to look careless. "Nay, it was a foolish request that I made. The fancy is gone now. Salâm aleikoum effendim!" And resuming his slippers, and surrendering the be-jewelled tchibouk to the custody of the kahvedji, he hastened from the kahvé.

Whatever the nature of the plot formed against him the last time, Suleiman could doubt nothing now. He could have sworn to that particular letter by the Prophet's Beard—an oath which no good Muslem would take, unless perfectly convinced that what he uttered was the truth.

He was old, and he could not walk so quickly as in the days of his strength. But, in much hurry to see justice done to himself, he hastened home as fast as he could. This time, he would not condescend even to speak to Cobah about the matter. He would take his aga—the renowned—and horribly

ugly—Kafoor, with him to the harem, and have both women at once handed over to be executed “according to the law.”

He unlocked the door of the room wherein his wife and her slave were confined. The hideous Numidian followed him; with handjar drawn to prevent resistance, and rolling about his great pea-soup eyes, with an aspect of terrifying importance. Suleiman turned to give the order to the Aga, in a clear, firm voice. But—Cobah was lying upon the sofa, feasting her heart by reading the very letter that he had sent in that morning. She looked up from the lover-like pages with a sweet, soft smile, and then rose to bid her lord welcome to the harem.

Suleiman shrank from her as from a serpent, and his eyes wandered in search of the door.

“Nay,” said Cobah kindly, and taking up the hem of his silk pelisse, she kissed it. “Is my good lord ill? Wherefore would he leave me so soon? I, who have not seen



him before to-day. Above all, Suleiman, my dear Suleiman, not since here, on this scented scrip, you told me how you loved me as the lotus loves the sun.

At this juncture, Nourreddin for the first time noticed—at least it seemed to be the first time—the glittering handjar in the hand of the Aga.

“E! Effendim mou! Oh, my mistress,” shrieked she, sinking upon the cushions.

“Lal il’lâh el il l’Al’lâh! Muhammed il resoul Al’lâh!” cried Suleiman, as his eye detected the movement. “Depart, Kafoor! depart, I say!”

“What means this, again—my lord?” asked Cobah, flutteringly. “I am so frightened—so frightened,” she added, drawing timidly yet closer to his side.

“Haidi itta—come and sit,” said he, kindly leading her to a seat upon the divan. And whilst she lovingly stroked his beard with her right hand, and laid the other and her head gently upon his shoulder, Suleiman

told her about the letter that had been shown to him by Husref Pasha.

When he had finished his narration, both women, looking excessively alarmed, gave in their unhesitating opinion that he was possessed by Sheitan; and that the person calling himself Husref Pasha, could be none other than Eblis himself.

"Think you so, my soul?" said Suleiman to his wife.

"I do; and do not you also, khateun?" appealing to Nourreddin.

Nourreddin nodded her unqualified belief of what had been advanced.

"What would you have me do, my eyes?" asked Suleiman of Cobah.

"I would have you consult the famous dervish, Hadji, of the tekki at Broussa; and be exorcised forthwith," returned his wife.

Suleiman promised that he would do so; and beyond that, that he would now graciously indulge his wife with his society, for at least one hour. Cobah smiled very sweetly

upon his face, and Nourreddin sung to her zebek; and slaves entered with coffee, tchibouks, and sweetmeats; and altogether, it was a time of much matrimonial rejoicing.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The Last of the Three Rings—A Husband's Delusion—  
Loves of Cobah and Hassan—A Rencontre in the  
Road—Purchasing a Houri—Picture of a Turkish  
House—Alarm of Suleiman—Gorgeous Apartment—  
The — and his Jewels—A Cold Reception—Prepara-  
tions for Cobah's Flight with Hassan.

THAT very night, Hassan had prepared all things to destroy the last of the three rings. He had seen Cobah, and they had had a loud laugh together, over her husband's delusion ; but it also warned Hassan that he must change his tactics a little.

The love of most old-fashioned Muslims

for their wives, is of a low character. It was the love of Hassan for Cobah ; it was too much the love of Cobah for Hassan. But it was not Cobah's fault, so much as it was that of her unnatural position.

As Suleiman turned the corner of the road that wound round his house, he came full upon Hassan. The latter was walking so very fast, as they knocked together, that he nearly threw the old man off his centre of gravity. For a moment Suleiman recoiled, but it was only for a moment ; then, drawing his handjar from its jewelled sheath, he rushed furiously at Hassan, crying out

“ O Sheitan ! I fear thee not ! ”

But a well-directed blow from the strong arm of Hassan, sent the old man's yataghan whirling yards off through the air.

“ That will do,” said Hassan, quietly resheathing his handjar.

“ Whence comest thou, O Sheitan ? And what hast thou to do with me—a True Believer ? ” said Suleiman.

"That is my business," returned Hassan, with a loud laugh.

"Thus do I defy thee! Thus will a True Believer send thee howling to thy seventh hell!" cried Suleiman, rushing upon Hassan.

Hassan was hardly prepared for the suddenness of the tug that Suleiman gave him; and both fell to the ground. There they writhed and strained—rather, it was Suleiman did so. For all Hassan's strength was directed to shielding himself from the ferocious biting and kicking of the infuriated Muslem.

"Enough!" said Hassan at last, in an emphatic voice. "I warn thee, in good time, Sir, that I will have no more!" and he rose to his feet.

"Say, say!" cried Suleiman, "art thou Husref or Sheitan?"

"That concerns myself alone," said Hassan, decidedly. "Come with me."

"Whither?" murmured Suleiman, tremu-

lously. "What have I done? oh Sheitan!"

"Much—and thou knowest it," was the terse reply, as Hassan seized him by the sleeve. "Come, and I will show thee a Houri, the like of whom thou hast never seen before. And as she is mine—I repeat it, as she is mine—I will sell her to thee, should we come to terms. Hast thou any money?"

"But little, except in the house," muttered Suleiman.

"We must have that with us, or how could'st thou make the purchase?"

"I will go in-doors and get it," said Suleiman, joyful at the thought of escaping from his tormentor. For once within, he would set the whole household upon him, and see if Eblis could withstand the united yataghans of an army of good Muslims.

"I will not trust thee," said Hassan, coldly. "I will knock the door myself. You stand aloof, and if you utter but a sound,

then—are my words clear?” And he looked the rest of his meaning. “What shall I ask for?”

“They know not where my money is.”

“Your jewels, then; your wives have jewels.”

“Bid them bring to you the casket of diamonds that I last bought for Gulbeyaz. Mashal'lâh. They would purchase a harem-full of houris.”

The house to which Hassan led Suleiman, was one of that kind so often met with in Turkey; houses, whose dilapidated walls, decaying lattices, creaking in the wind, and unweeded gardens, tell of the disgrace, perhaps the bow-stringing of their owners. Never did I pass such a dwelling, without feeling sick at heart. The wind sighs through their passages with a melancholy wail, that it takes no where but there—a wail that is so like a human creature in his agony.

Hassan raised the rusty knocker and beat upon the door. It was opened as by magic.



Suleiman followed Hassan within, and with the same mechanical impulse, the door closed behind them. Not a ray of light was there to show Suleiman the nature of the place he had entered. He was dreadfully alarmed.

"There is no fear—this way, Sir," said Hassan, taking his hand.

Suleiman followed like a child. Hassan led him through passages that seemed to have no end. At last, he abruptly paused, and pushing open a door, a burst of splendour that almost overpowered Suleiman by its gorgeousness, filled the vaulted gallery. Through this door they entered.

Never had Suleiman seen such furniture as that room contained, except in the Imperial apartments. And reposing on a divan of crimson velvet, sprinkled with blue and golden stars, he could see a woman of great beauty. She was dressed in extreme magnificence. As Suleiman entered, she did not move to welcome him. She did not even look up, but reclined there, as though no one

beside herself were present. Not a motion was there in the whole portrait. It was the poetry of calm. And she almost started, as the zephyr-shaken cistus scattered its ethereal blossoms on her bosom.

"That is the lady of whom I spoke," said Hassan, "Is she not beautiful?"

"Very beautiful," said Suleiman.

"What sayest thou, Effendim mou? Wouldst thou like to be the wife of this man?"

A low, mocking laugh, that Suleiman knew as well as the precepts of the Koran, was the only response.

"What sayest thou? Wouldst thou like to be the Effendim's wife? Couldst thou love him?"

"He is too old and too ugly for any woman to love," was the reply in a low, sweet voice that Suleiman knew as well as his own.

"Then our bargain is at an end," said Hassan to Suleiman. "She refuses to go with thee."

"Say, Sheitan, is that woman Cobah?— is that woman Cobah?" roared Suleiman.

“Masha'lâh !” cried the lady. “Hast thou not left Cobah locked up ? How then should I be Cobah ?”

“I believe I am in one of the halls of Eblis. Let me go ; I am not well,” said Suleiman.

“The diamonds !” replied Hassan. “I came not hither for nothing ; and we part not till I am paid.”

“Take them, oh, Eblis ! but let me go.”

“Go, then,” said Hassan, taking the casket.

“Which way ?” gasped Suleiman faintly.

“Through yon door,” said Hassan, coldly.

But hardly had he gone the length of a room, when he tumbled into a marble basin that had been filled with just melting ice, for his especial reception.

“Al'lâh ukbur !” cried he, vainly endeavouring to flounder out. He could find no margin to the basin. “Nourissim ! nourissim !—a light ! a light !”

As had been previously concerted, after a due time had elapsed, a slave, who looked much like Nourreddin, appeared with a lamp

in her hand ; but she told him he must find his way out of the house.

“ Joy, joy ! my sultana !—give me joy !” cried Hassan. “ I have taken off the three rings. I have prepared a disguise for thee and me ; and ere morning dawns, my soul, we will be far away amongst the mountains. Thou art mine !”

“ Thine ! thine for aye ! Thine whilst my pulses beat !” cried Cobah.

“ And now, my houri, let us away !” exclaimed Hassan, catching her up in his arms.

“ I say once more, let us away—away !”

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ERRATUM.

Page 63, fifteen lines from the top, for " Hotel d'Angleterre, or to  
Messiri's," read " Hotel d'Europe, or ~~the~~ Messiri's."

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